

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

VAMPI
#15

JAN. 1972

588856
A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



"WELCOME TO THE WITCHES COVEN"

See Page 55

VAMPIR'S FEARY TALES

METIFA!

NOW MEET A REAL
FEMME FLAME, DEAR READER!
SATAN'S MISTRESS...

HEY, BUD!
WATCH
THIS!

TRY EXPLAINING THIS
TO YOUR FRIENDS! MORE
INTERESTING THAN
PINK ELEPHANTS,
HUH!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN **NOTHIN'**
YET, OLD MAN! ONCE I GET
COOKING, I'M PRETTY
HOT STUFF!
SEE!

I'M SATAN'S
WOMAN,
METIFA!

AREN'T YOU
IMPRESSED??

NOT REALLY!
I'M...

GOD!

ZAP!



NO.15 JAN. 1972

VAMPIRELLA

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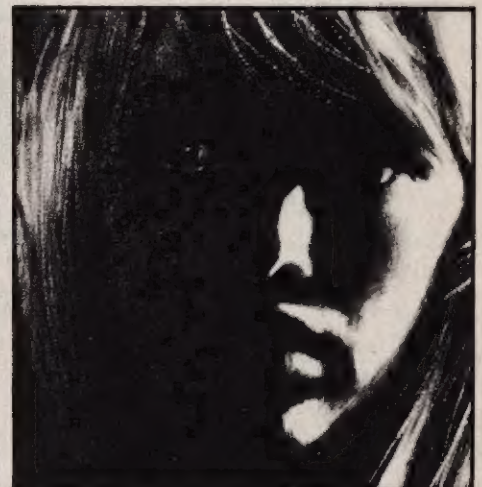
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Beware the coming of Princess Diana..



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VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS



Can a young and beautiful vampiress from the planet Drakulon find true happiness on earth? I think she can. More and more, VAMPI is being portrayed as a frank and candid story character. Really enjoyed her exploits in VAMPIRELLA #13 and the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL. May her serum bottle never break!

**SEAMAN FREDERICK
LANGILLE JR.**
Norfolk, Va.



Amen,
Seaman Langille Jr.

It is my understanding that once someone is bitten by a vampire, he is at the whim of the vampire and no longer has a free will. If you can't convince Mr. Warren to have posters made of your covers, convince him with a bite on the neck! Honestly, VAMPIRELLA, your magazine has the best covers going and I'd love to have poster reproductions of them.

RICHARD GRUNDER
Syracuse, N.Y.

I've been reading Creepy, Eerie and VAMPIRELLA since they first hit the stands and I love 'em. Who says your magazines are just for kids? The Navy loves you too!

DAN RODRIGUEZ
Honolulu, Hawaii

I'm really glad that Jose Gonzalez is drawing VAMPIRELLA. He draws her exactly as I see her in my mind. "The Lurker in the Deep" from VAMPIRELLA #13 was great! "The Frog Prince" did not turn out as well I thought it would. It really turned me off! Thanks for another good issue and a great VAMPI story.

GORDON DOMES
B.C., Canada

Please—more of Jose Gonzalez! VAMPI, you've never looked better. VAMPIRELLA #12 was one of the best issues yet. VAMPI, I'm sure you'll nose out Creepy and Eerie when the Warren Awards roll around. You're on the right track.

ALLEN ATKINSON
Bethel, Conn.

There wasn't enough blood in VAMPIRELLA #12. When the cop was stabbed in "Death's Dark Angel," hardly any blood gushed forth.

FRANK VERRICO
Brooklyn, N.Y.



"LURKER IN THE DEEP"
Lack of blood in VAMPI #12?

Gary Kaufman's "Eye of the Beholder" in VAMPIRELLA #13 was the greatest story ever.

CHARLES FLYNN
Portland, Oregon

"Hope you win an award!"

I'd like you to know that I was rooting for you when it was time for the second annual Warren Awards, VAMPI. (See the 1971 Comicon Awards elsewhere in this issue for this year's results—ed.) Really enjoyed "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" in VAMPIRELLA #13. Incidentally, I now have the Aurora model of my all-time favorite, VAMPIRELLA.

PRESTON S. OWENS
Monroeville, N.J.

VAMPIRELLA #12 has finally fulfilled the promise of the magazine. Congratulations! "Death's Dark Angel" has to be the finest story ever to appear in your pages. Goodwin's story was not only intriguing as a whole, it featured several outstanding moments, such as when the cop pulls a gun on the Van Helsing and when the demon stands revealed as Wade's father. The high point was the scene in which blind Van Helsing puts the stake through the cop's heart, shouting the strangely poignant words, "Adam! I think I got her!" I say poignant because here was the sad absurdity of human obsession. "Quest" was beautiful but the ending had little effect. "To Kill a God!" was ultimately silly but really fine up until the last page.

GARY ASPENBERG
New York City, N.Y.

While attending college and graduate school, I got into the habit of reading comics to unwind. In most cases, comics allow me to forget my worries for at least a little while. A few months ago a friend introduced me to VAMPIRELLA and I found it thoroughly enjoyable. Unlike your mediocre competitors, you at Warren handle horror and suspense as well as the best of science fiction writers. You do not dwell on the morbid for its own sake, but rather use morbidity as a vehicle by which some pretty decent stories are unwound. You do not exploit bloodshed or dismemberment for their shock value, but use them to enhance an ongoing plot. Perhaps you more than any other comics company have shaped the current trend for the liberalization of the comic book code. For this, I applaud you. Keep up the good work.

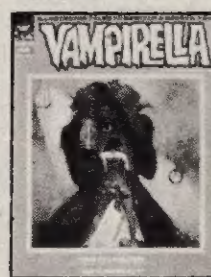
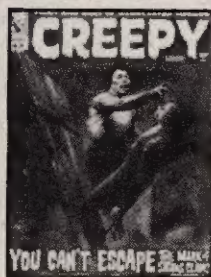
ALEX MESCAVAGE JR.
Smithtown, N.Y.

I wish proper credit had been given for "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" in VAMPIRELLA #13. Herodotus tells the story in the second book of "The Persian Wars" and he claimed it came from the Egyptian priests of his day. Herodotus has been dead now 2,300 years. It's nice that he's finally getting some recognition.

ROBERT MORSE
Marblehead, Mass.

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“When is VAMPIRELLA going to meet the mad demon Chaos himself?”

Your continuing adventures have really hooked me. I've just read VAMPIRELLA #13. "Lurker in the Deep" was great. When will VAMPIRELLA meet the mad demon Chaos himself?

GEORGE SIESSEL
Springfield, N.J.



Never, I hope.

My sincere congratulations on the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL. It was fantastic. The new "Origin of VAMPIRELLA" story topped the original one from VAMPIRELLA #1, but not by much. And that cover. Hoo boy! Aslan does magnificent work. The origin story was great except that I didn't like the way Tristan manhandled you. Your 1972 ANNUAL really had some great stories, such as "Snake Eyes" and "The Curse." Wish however that you had reprinted "The Witch Trilogy" from VAMPIRELLA #7.

CRAIG CARTER
San Francisco, Ca.

"The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" is the best story you've ever published. Bea does great work. More!

ANTHONY CLARK
Reidsville, N.C.



A scene from "The Silver Thief and The Pharaoh's Daughter" in VAMPIRELLA #13. Reader Charlie Kosiek said the story was "fangtastic and the art beautiful!"



Aslan's cover portrait of VAMPIRELLA from the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL was much praised. Reader R. Christ said a poster should be made of the cover but wanted the skull out.

This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine but after reading VAMPIRELLA #13 I felt I had to write. "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" was absolutely fang-tastic. Jose M. Bea did a brilliant job. I really can't get over how beautiful the artwork is. More by Bea!

CHARLIE KOSIEK
South River, N.J.



I'm glad you wrote, Charlie. There will be more by Bea to come.

Your 1972 ANNUAL was superb. A lot of people have been asking for a poster of you. Why don't you run a color poster of Aslan's cover from your ANNUAL? However, take out that skull. It gives the picture too much of a macabre effect and I like to think of you as a beautiful young woman. I don't like being distracted by a grinning skull.

R. CHRIST
Hoboken, N.J.

Goodwin has done it! He has written the best story of the year. "Death's Dark Angel" in VAMPIRELLA #12 was just too good to be true. Not only was the story good, it was interesting and mysterious as well. When the identity of Skar was revealed, I nearly fell off my seat.

ROBERT STRAUSS
St. Petersburg, Fla.

By now, I was sure that your posters and fan club would be available. Hurry. I won't rest until I can buy a poster of you and join your fan club.

CHIP SHELTON
Malaga, Spain

When are those full-color posters of VAMPIRELLA coming out? They're long overdue.

PHIL DUNCAN
Knoxville, Tenn.



Before New Years rolls around, you'll see them.

I've just finished reading VAMPIRELLA #12 and I must say it was brilliant up to p. 26. From there on, it went downhill. The cover was the best VAMPIRELLA cover ever published. Keep San Julian on the job. The letters page was interesting but a bit too long. "Death's Dark Angel" defies description. The only thing I liked about "The Eye of Ozirios" was the art. I don't care for sword and sorcery. "Quest" was good but I would have preferred to see it in panel form. While Wood's art was quite good, I didn't care for "To Kill a God!" because it was another sword and sorcery tale. VAMPIRELLA #12 was okay but I hope you cut down on sword and sorcery in the future. More Science Fiction! More stories with mystery and a twist at the end.

KEVIN MCGOVERN
Latrobe, Pa.

Just saw VAMPIRELLA #13 and I think 19-year old London fashion model Mary Collins (See the letters page of VAMPIRELLA #13 — ed.) would make a perfect VAMPIRELLA.

K. LANGAN
Bronx, N.Y.

**SEND
VAMPIRELLA
A
NIGHT LETTER!**



Are you troubled by vampiric questions? Questions which keep you awake all night so you have to sleep during the day just to get some rest?

Write to:

VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

PROLOGUE: IN THE CARRIBEAN REPUBLIC OF *CÔTE DE SOLEIL*, IT IS NIGHT. NOT A NIGHT OF SOFT SHADOW AND QUIET, GLEAMING STARS, BUT OF BURSTING FIREWORKS AND RAUCOUS LAUGHTER, AND CROWDS GOING MERRILY MAD IN THE STREETS. IT IS **CARNIVAL** TIME IN THE CAPITAL CITY; A TIME WHEN STRANGERS MEET AND TRAVELLERS THROG. AND THREE SUCH TRAVELLERS WE SEE NOW: **ADAM VAN HELSING**, LAST IN A LINE OF EXPLORERS OF THE UNKNOWN, STALKERS OF THE UNDEAD; **PENDRAGON**, VAUDEVILLIAN AND STAGE MAGICIAN; AND THEIR COMPANION, THE STRANGE, LOVELY GIRL FROM A DISTANT WORLD CALLED DRAKULON...

VAMPIRELLA

ADAM! I WAS
HAPPY THAT SUPPLY
BOAT COULD TAKE US
OFF JEAN AND
VIVIENNE'S ISLAND...
BUT **WHAT?**

NOTHING
SINISTER FOR
A CHANGE. DON'T LET
THE WEIRD COSTUMES
FOOL YOU... IT'S JUST
AN ANNUAL
CELEBRATION!

* SEE *VAMPIRELLA* #14

I THINK I'LL APPRECIATE IT MORE FROM HERE. CELEBRATING ON DRAKULON WAS USUALLY DONE IN **SMALLER** GROUPS!

THEY'RE **ENTITLED** TO SOME OVER ENTHUSIAM THIS YEAR, VAMPIRELLA... A MAN WHO WAS VIRTUALLY **DICTIONARY** OF CÔTE DE SOLEIL DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO.

BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY BE MORE INTERESTED IN LOCAL **CUSTOMS** THAN LOCAL **POLITICS**. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A QUIET SPOT TO OBSERVE THEM.



ADAM... THERE WERE FOOTFALLS BEHIND US. I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.

WE'LL FIND OUT FOR CERTAIN... AROUND THE NEXT CORNER!




AN EXCELLENT NOTION, ADAM, MY BOY! PERHAPS A SMALL **BISTRO**... I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE IF THE OVER ENTHUSIAM EXTENDS TO THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF THEIR **LIBATIONS**!



NOW! WHY IS A FUGITIVE FROM **GRAY'S ANATOMY** HAUNTING US?!



WAIT... **WAIT!** I AM A **FRIEND**, ADAM VAN HELSING!



YOU *KNOW* ME? HOW--PAUL!
PAUL GIRAUDI! YOU WERE AN
EXCHANGE STUDENT IN MY FATHER'S
CLASS AT NEW ENGLAND
UNIVERSITY!

BUT WHY NOT A SIMPLE
HELLO INSTEAD OF THIS
CLOAK AND DAGGER
BIT?

I HAD TO BE
CERTAIN NO ONE
WAS AROUND... MY
POLITICAL ACTIVITIES
AGAINST THE SUPPORTERS
OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT
HAVE MADE ME A
TARGET OF THE
SECRET POLICE!

THEN
YOU'VE COME
TO US FOR
HELP,
RIGHT?

NO, TO **WARN** YOU! YOUR
FATHER RECENTLY CAME TO
CÔTE DE SOLEIL... APPARENTLY OUT
OF SOME BELIEF *YOU* WOULD
SHOW UP HERE. I MET HIM
BRIEFLY BY ACCIDENT...

ONCE THEY *HAVE*
SOMEONE, NO FRIEND OR
RELATIVE OF THAT PERSON
IS **SAFE!** IF THEY LEARN
YOU'RE HERE, THEY WILL
BE **AFTER** YOU!

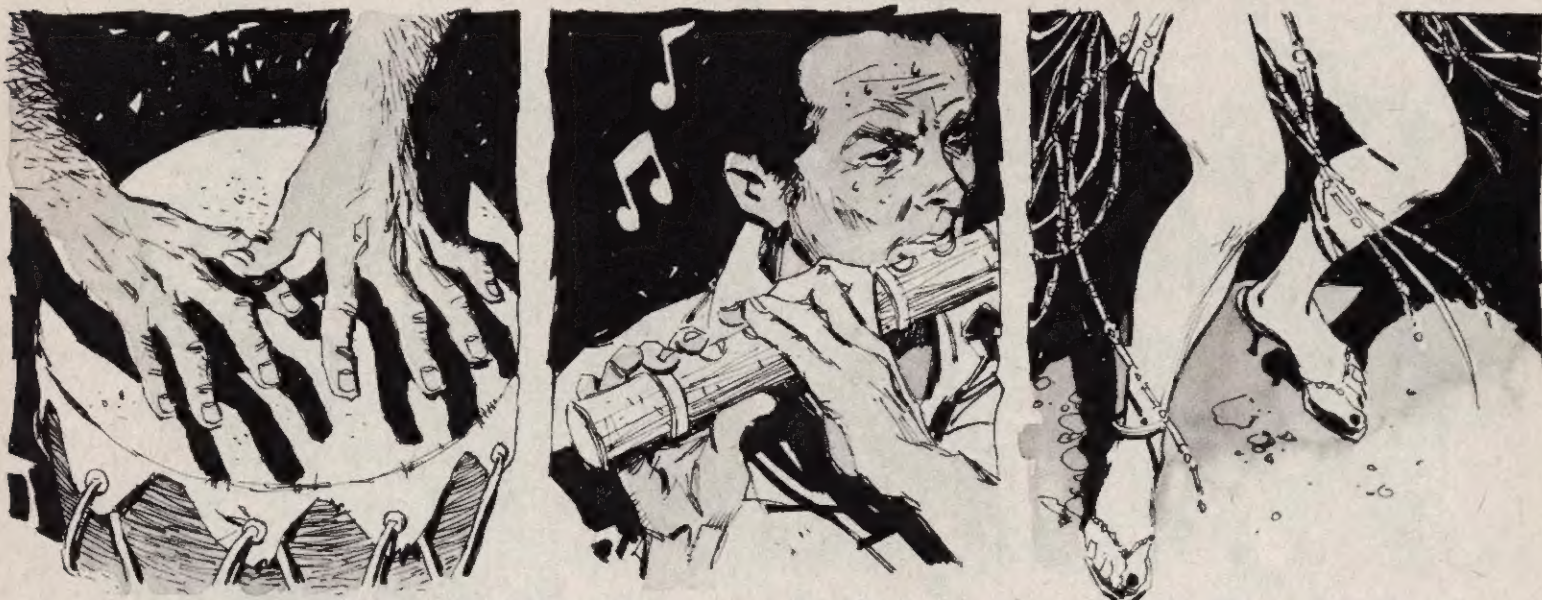
YESTERDAY
THE SECRET POLICE
ARRESTED HIM!

OUR PEOPLE CALL
IT THE **VOUDOU WIND**...
BECAUSE IT'S BLOWN NIGHTLY
EVER SINCE THAT OLD TYRANT,
VALIER, DIED. BUT PERHAPS
YOU DON'T *KNOW* OUR
NICKNAME FOR PRESIDENT
VALIER... **PAPA VOUDOU!**

SUCH OMINOUS
WORDS ARE DEVASTATING
ENOUGH TO A
DEVOUT COWARD LIKE
MYSELF... DOES THE
WIND HAVE TO RISE
ON CLUE TO RAISE
MY HACKLES
AS WELL?

THERE'S A **SOUND**
ON THE WIND... I CAN
HEAR IT **FAINTLY**. SOME
SORT OF... **MUSIC!**

YES, **MUSIC**. TOO FAR AWAY AT FIRST TO BE CAUGHT BY ANY BUT THE SUPER-KEEN SENSES OF THE GIRL FROM ANOTHER WORLD. THEN, IT **GROWS!** THE THROBBING DRUMS, THE SHRILLING FLUTES, THE WILD RHYTHMS OF DANCING FEET. MIXING, BUILDING TOWARD A HAUNTING, HORRIFYNG CRESCENDO... **THE MUSIC OF VOUDOU!**



EACH MIDNIGHT, **MADAME DOMINIQUE** HAD DANCED. SHE HAD SUNG THE ANCIENT CHANTS AND CALLED TO HER DEPARTED LOVER, **JACQUES VALIER**. SHE HAD EXERCISED ALL HER POWERS AS **BOCUR** - SORCERESS -- OF THE VOUDOU CULT. AND NOW AT LAST THERE WAS A **STIRRING**. NOW AT LAST THE BLACK MAGIC FORCES WERE CULMINATING IN...

THE RESURRECTION OF PAPA VOUDOU!



PAPA VODOU! WHO FOR TWENTY YEARS CRUELLY MANIPULATED AND SELFISHLY EXPLOITED THE THIRD LARGEST COUNTRY IN THE CARRIBEAN...

PAPA VODOU! WHO MAINTAINED POWER THROUGH TERRORISM; BY HIS SECRET POLICE AND THE DARK CULT FROM WHICH HIS NICKNAME CAME...

PAPA VODOU! WHO LONG VOWED THAT HIS IRON GRASP ON THE THROAT OF CÔTE DE SOLEIL WOULD NEVER BE BROKEN BY ANY FOE, ANY FORCE...



...NOT EVEN BY THE *GRAVE!*



SUCCESS,
COLONEL
RAMM!



SPLENDID,
MADAME DOMINIQUE!
UNFORTUNATELY, I'M
NOT DOING SO WELL
WITH *DR. VAN*
HELSENG HERE!



HE STILL **DENYS** THAT
BLASTED PAUL GIRAUD HAD
HIM COME! BUT WHY **ELSE**
WOULD SUCH A RENOWNED
EXPERT ON THE
SUPERNATURAL
BE HERE EXCEPT TO
ATTEMPT TO **STOP** US?

OR DO
YOU **STICK**
WITH THAT STORY
ABOUT SEARCHING FOR
YOUR **SON**...TO SAVE
HIM FROM SOME
FEMALE **VAMPIRE**?

STUBBORN, EH? WELL, SO AM I!
STUBBORN ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE
AMERICAN ARMY WHEN IT WENT **SOFT**!
STUBBORN ENOUGH TO SUCCEED AS
MILITARY ADVISOR TO A **REAL MAN**
LIKE PRESIDENT VALIER!

AND STUBBORN ENOUGH NOT
TO LET A BUNCH OF COMMIES AND
RADICALS TEAR DOWN WHAT **HE**
BUILT! **KEEP WORKING ON**
HIM, BOYS!

I-IT WAS
THE **TRUTH**,
RAMM...

AND LED BY MADAME DOMINIQUE, COL. TRAVIS RAMM
IS BROUGHT TO THE SIGHT HE HAS BEEN WAITING,
HOPING, TO SEE FOR MONTHS...

N-NO...! I DIDN'T
THINK IT WOULD BE
THIS WAY!

NO ONE WILL EVER
ACCEPT HIM AGAIN LIKE
THAT! A-A ZOMBIE...
A PIECE OF ROTTING
FLESH! YOU CAN EVEN
SMELL--

THIS IS
ONLY THE **FIRST**
STEP, COLONEL...

JUST TO GET THIS FAR, I HAVE
EXPLOITED MY **FULL POWERS** AS
A PRIESTESS OF **VOUDOU**! TO
BRING THE MASTER TO **FULL**
LIFE, TO MAKE HIM MORE THAN
THE MINDLESS THING YOU SEE...

...WILL REQUIRE THE
STRONGEST
OF MAGICS!

THIS! THE
POWERS OF THE MAD
GOD, **CHAOS**, WHO ALONG
WITH HIS SEVEN DEMON
SERVANTS, ONCE
RULED EARTH!

THE BOOK
SETS FORTH **SPILLS**
FOR CALLING TO HIM IN HIS
PLACE OF BANISHMENT...
THE **NETHER-VOID**!
IT IS **DANGEROUS**,
BUT WE MUST
RISK IT!

BUT...

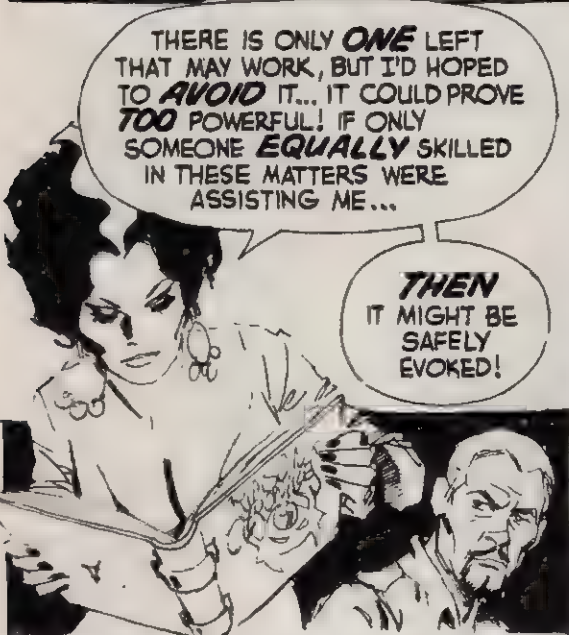
YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR OVER AN HOUR! PAPA VOUDOU'S STILL **UNCHANGED!** WHY ISN'T THE MUMBO-JUMBO **WORKING?**

MAGIC IS SOMEWHAT LESS PRECISE THAN **MILITARY TACTICS**, COLONEL! THE SPELLS I'VE **TRIED** DO NOT SEEM **POWERFUL** ENOUGH TO EVOKE THE PROPER RESPONSE!



THERE IS ONLY **ONE** LEFT THAT MAY WORK, BUT I'D HOPED TO **AVOID** IT... IT COULD PROVE **TOO** POWERFUL! IF ONLY SOMEONE **EQUALLY** SKILLED IN THESE MATTERS WERE ASSISTING ME...

THEN IT MIGHT BE SAFELY EVOKED!



NO DOUBT CONRAD VAN HELSING'S STUDIES HAVE MADE **HIM** QUALIFIED FOR SUCH A CHALLENGE... BUT OF COURSE A MAN OF HIS **SCRIPLES** COULD NEVER BE MADE TO—



THE HELL HE CAN'T! GIVE ME ENOUGH **TIME** LADY, AND I'LL FIND **SOME** WAY TO BREAK THAT OLD MAN... YOU GOT MY WORD AS AN OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN!

THE LONG NIGHT WEARS ON. THE VOUDOU WIND HAS DIED. THE CARNIVAL REVELERS HAVE LEFT THE STREETS. ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE NOWHERE TO GO REMAIN...

WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND A PLACE STILL OPEN, PAUL. BUT ISN'T THIS RISKY FOR YOU, PAUL?

A MAN ON THE RUN GETS TIRED, ADAM... AND LONELY. IT'S GOOD TO SIT, TO TALK... IF ONLY FOR A FEW MOMENTS.



I'M NOT WELL KNOWN IN THIS QUARTER. IT'S DOUBTFUL I'D BE RECOGNIZED.

BESIDES, YOUR FATHER WAS PROBABLY ARRESTED BECAUSE HE WAS SEEN WITH ME. I FEEL OBLIGATED TO HELP...



BUT GOD KNOWS, THERE IS LITTLE THAT CAN BE DONE! BY NOW HE IS IMPRISONED IN THE ROYAL PALACE BEING ENTERTAINED BY PAPA VOUDOU'S MISTRESS AND HIS MILITARY ADVISOR!

THERE IS NO ORDINARY WAY DR. VAN HELSING COULD BE REACHED OR RESCUED?

INKEEP... INKEEP?

RASCAL SEEM'S TO HAVE VANISHED... AH, WELL! NEVER LET IT BE SAID PENDRAGON WAS TOO PROUD TO SERVE HIMSELF!



VAMPIRELLA, KNOWING THE WAY DAD **FEELS** ABOUT YOU, THE WAY HE'S HOUNDED AND HUNTED YOU, YOU'RE **STILL** INTERESTED IN HELPING HIM?

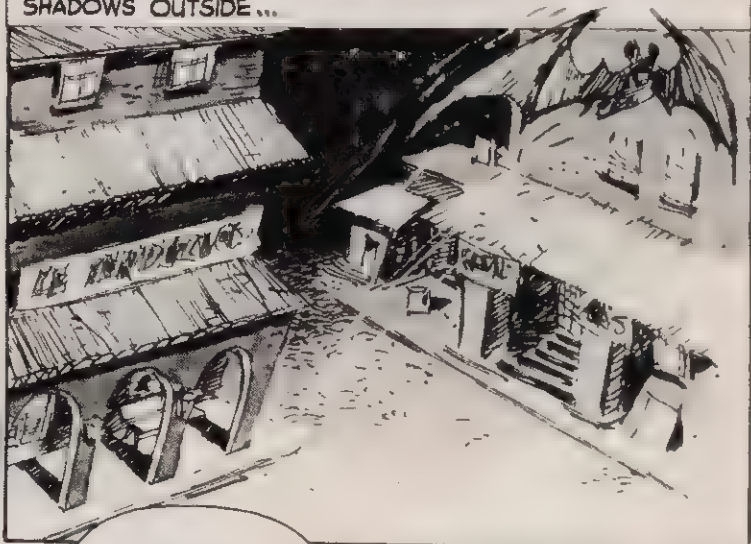


HE'LL **NEVER** BE CONVINCED I'VE CHANGED FROM THE CREATURE OF PREY I **USED** TO BE IF I DON'T. BUT IF I CAN FIND HIM HIM IN THE ROYAL PALACE...

BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THAT PLACE IS A **FORTRESS**! HOW CAN A MERE GIRL HOPE TO --



BUT PAUL GIRAUD KNOWS NOTHING OF THE POWERS OF THOSE BRED ON DISTANT DRAKULON. HE DOES NOT SEE WHAT **HAPPENS** TO THIS "MERE GIRL" AS SHE STEPS INTO THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE...



ADAM... THE SECRET POLICE!

AND MORE UNFORTUNATELY, **VAMPIRELLA** DOES NOT SEE THE DARK SEDAN THAT COMES SCREECHING TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE BISTRO ONLY MINUTES AFTER SHE WINGS HER WAY TOWARD THE ROYAL PALACE!



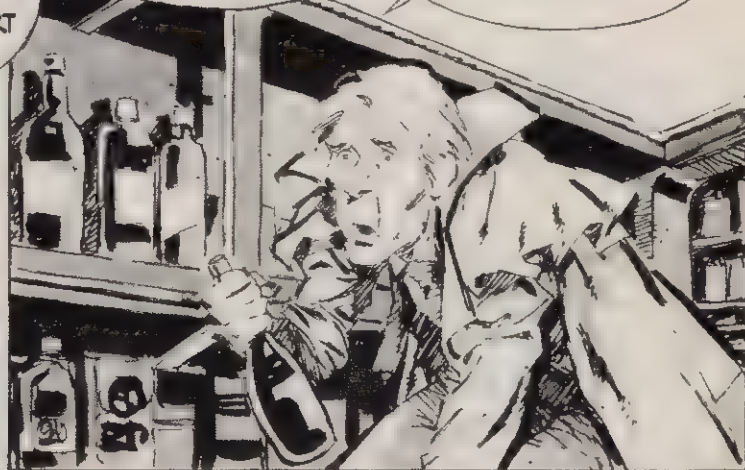
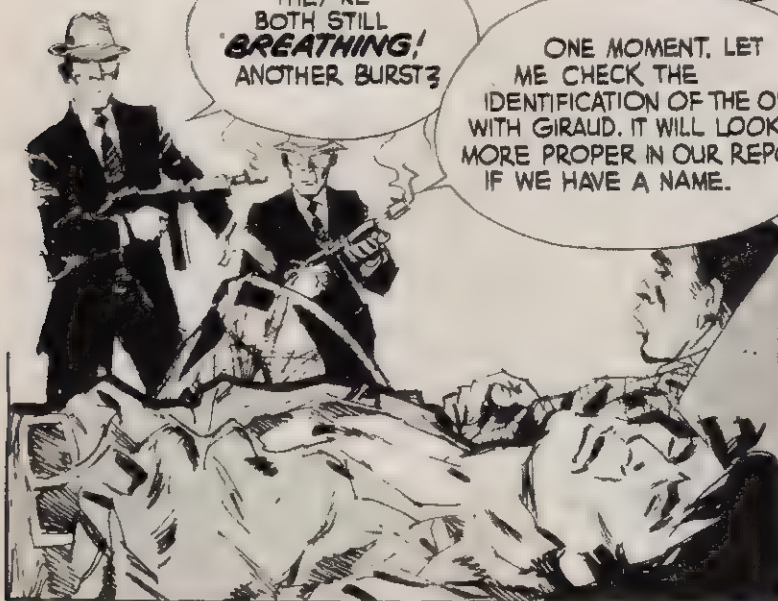


THEY'RE
BOTH STILL
BREATHING!
ANOTHER BURST?

ONE MOMENT, LET
ME CHECK THE
IDENTIFICATION OF THE ONE
WITH GIRAUD. IT WILL LOOK
MORE PROPER IN OUR REPORT
IF WE HAVE A NAME.

VAN HELSING...!
IT IS
FAMILIAR...

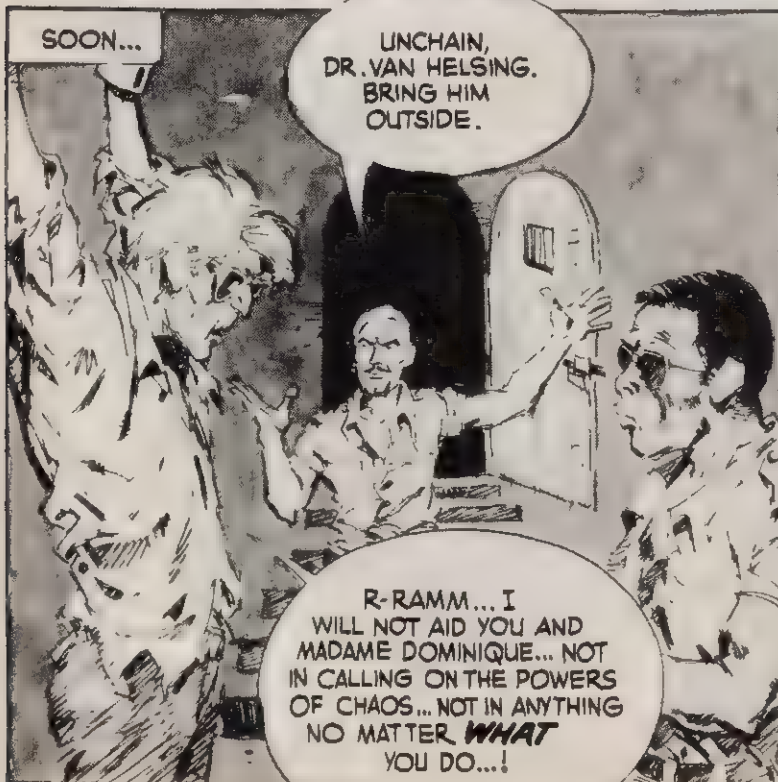
THE **OLD MAN**
COL. RAMM HAS BEEN
INTERROGATING! HE WILL
BE **INTERESTED**
IN THIS...



SOON...

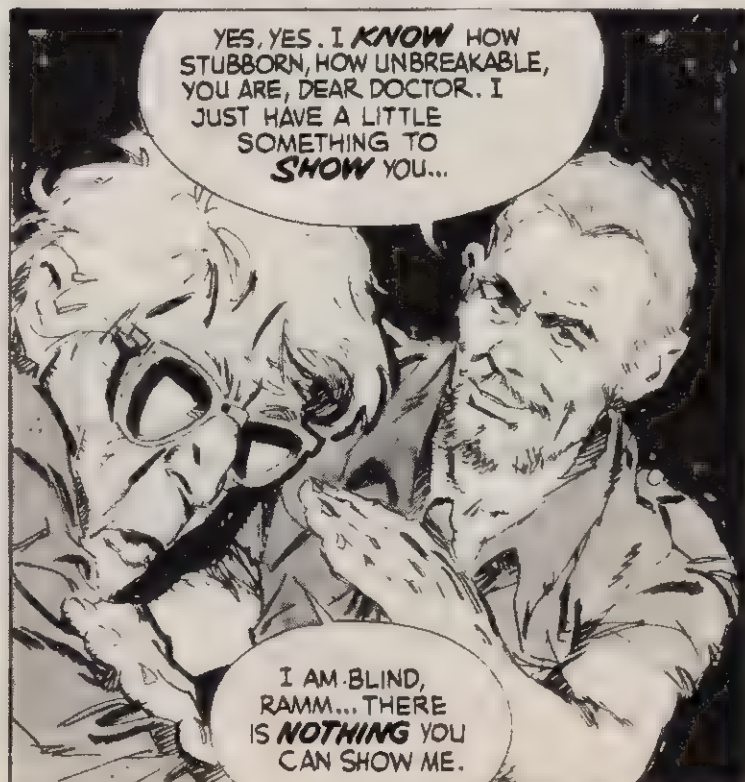
UNCHAIN,
DR. VAN HELSING.
BRING HIM
OUTSIDE.

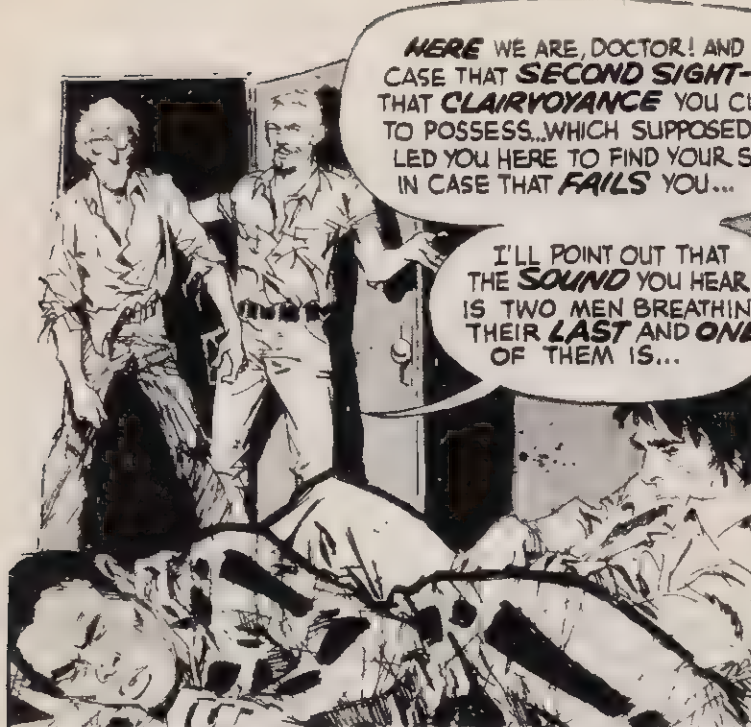
R-RAMM... I
WILL NOT AID YOU AND
MADAME DOMINIQUE... NOT
IN CALLING ON THE POWERS
OF CHAOS... NOT IN ANYTHING
NO MATTER **WHAT**
YOU DO...!



YES, YES. I **KNOW** HOW
STUBBORN, HOW UNBREAKABLE,
YOU ARE, DEAR DOCTOR. I
JUST HAVE A LITTLE
SOMETHING TO
SHOW YOU...

I AM BLIND,
RAMM... THERE
IS **NOTHING** YOU
CAN SHOW ME.





HERE WE ARE, DOCTOR! AND IN CASE THAT **SECOND SIGHT**-- THAT **CLAIRVOYANCE** YOU CLAIM TO POSSESS...WHICH SUPPOSEDLY LED YOU HERE TO FIND YOUR SON... IN CASE THAT **FAILS** YOU...

I'LL POINT OUT THAT THE **SOUND** YOU HEAR IS TWO MEN BREATHING THEIR **LAST** AND **ONE** OF THEM IS...

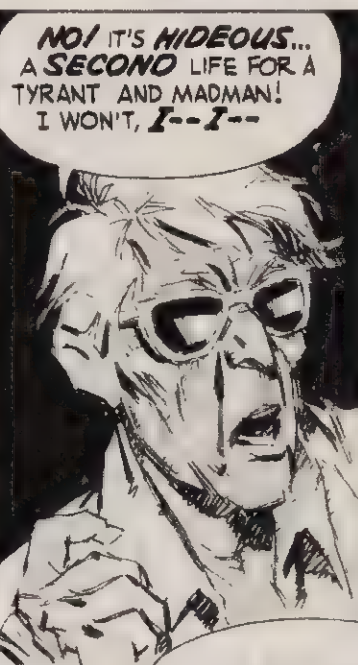
ADAM!

OF COURSE WITH A **TRANSFUSION** AND IMMEDIATE TREATMENT, HE **COULD** BE SAVED. IN FACT, THERE IS A DOCTOR STANDING BY UPSTAIRS...



...ALL YOU HAVE TO **DO** IS AGREE TO ASSIST MADAME DOMINIQUE HERE IN EVOKING THE POWERS OF CHAOS TO RESTORE FULL LIFE TO PRESIDENT VALIER!

A SIMPLE **YES** SAVES YOUR SON AND BRINGS A **GREAT MAN** BACK TO HIS PEOPLE!



NO! IT'S **HIDEOUS**... A **SECOND** LIFE FOR A TYRANT AND MADMAN! I WON'T, **I--I--**

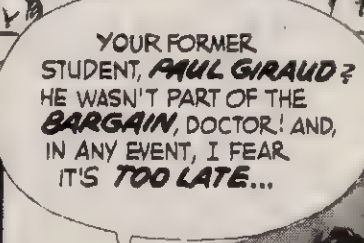


I--I CAN'T LET MY OWN SON **DIE!** LORD FORGIVE ME... **I CAN'T!**

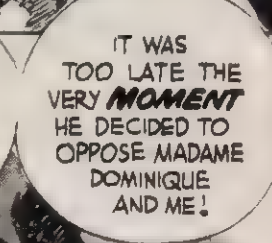


I KNEW YOU WERE A REASONABLE MAN, VAN HELSING! ALL RIGHT, MEN... GET THE BOY UPSTAIRS, **ON THE DOUBLE!**

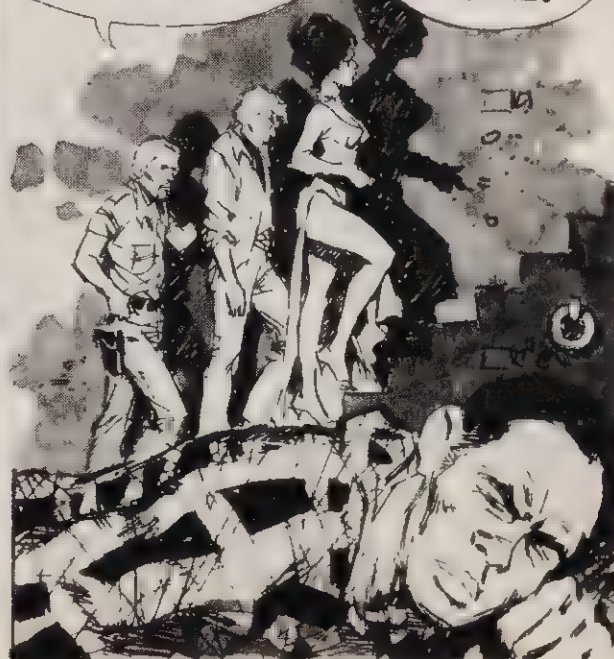
THE OTHER PERSON **WITH** ADAM... HE'S HURT ALSO! YOU MUST HELP HIM AS WELL!



YOUR FORMER STUDENT, **PAUL GIRAUD**? HE WASN'T PART OF THE **BARGAIN**, DOCTOR! AND, IN ANY EVENT, I FEAR IT'S **TOO LATE**...



IT WAS TOO LATE THE VERY **MOMENT** HE DECIDED TO OPPOSE MADAME DOMINIQUE AND ME!



DEATH COMES IN TIME FOR EVERY MAN. NONE TRULY ESCAPE, BUT GIVEN THE STRENGTH OF WILL, THE SOURCE OF DETERMINATION, SOME FOR A WHILE MAY **RESIST**. SO, PAUL GIRAUD DRAWS ON HIS **HATRED** FOR WHAT A DICTATOR DID TO HIS PEOPLE, HIS **RAGE** AGAINST THE MAD SCHEMES OF THE MAN'S FOLLOWERS ... AND CLINGS TO **LIFE**.



MEANWHILE...

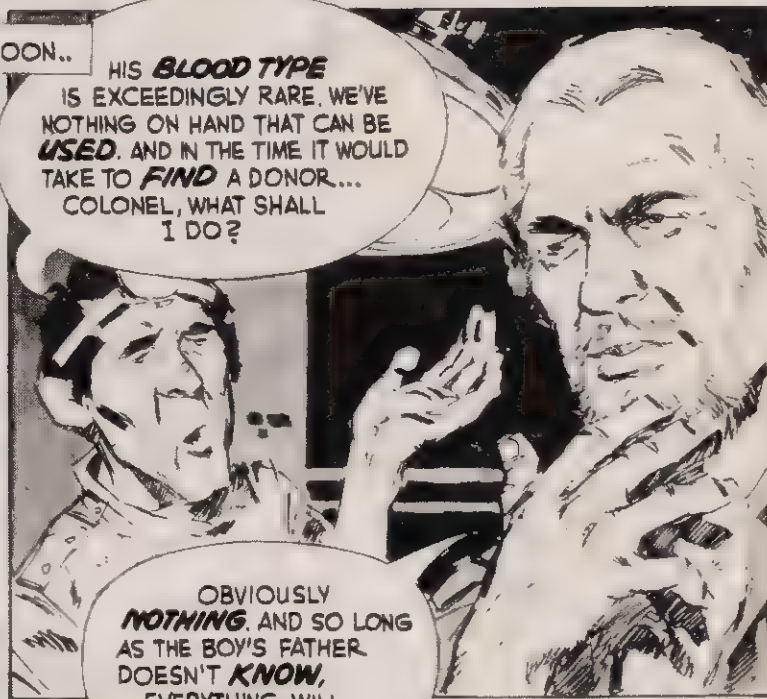
NURSE, TELL COL. RAMM IT'S **VITAL** THAT I SEE HIM AT ONCE.



AND SOON...

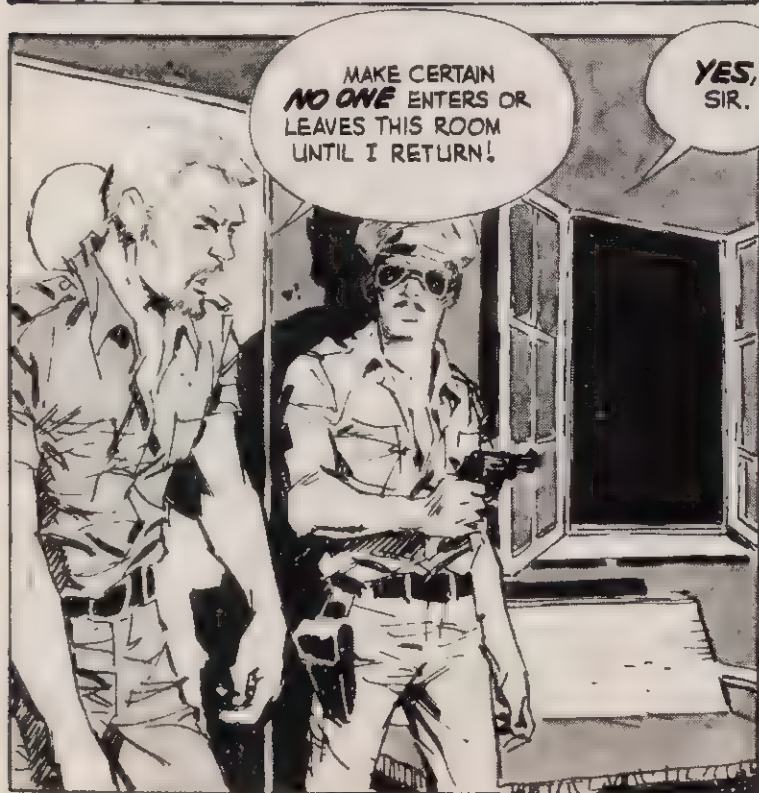
HIS **BLOOD TYPE** IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE. WE'VE NOTHING ON HAND THAT CAN BE **USED**. AND IN THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE TO **FIND** A DONOR... COLONEL, WHAT SHALL I DO?

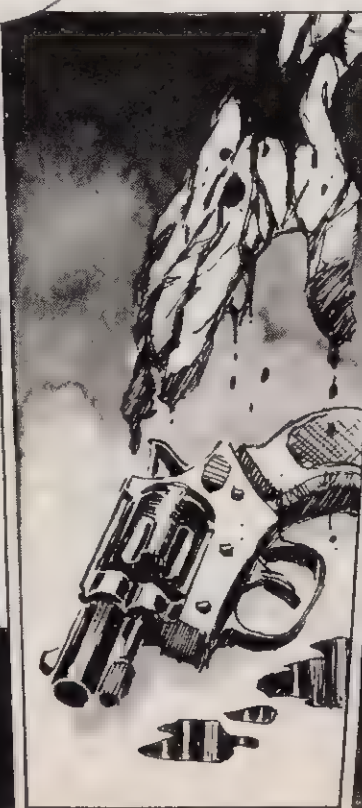
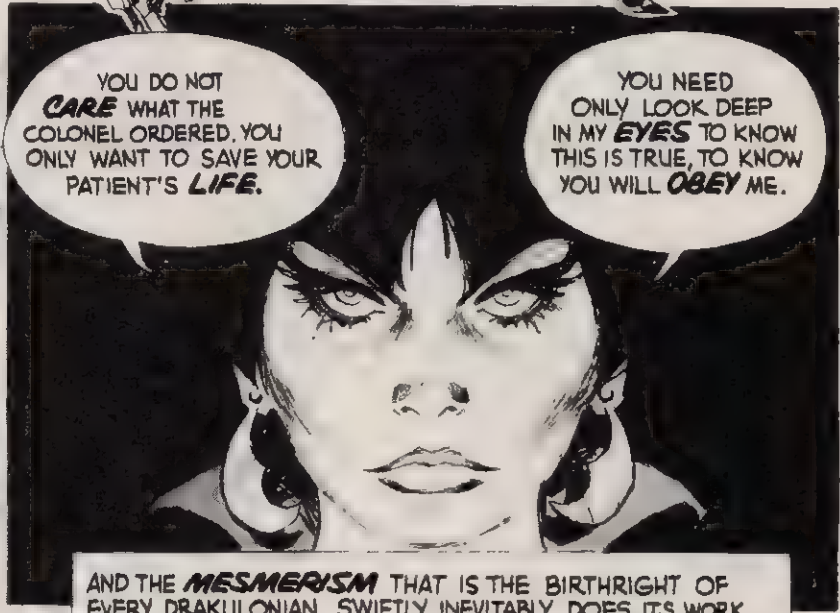
OBVIOUSLY **NOTHING**. AND SO LONG AS THE BOY'S FATHER DOESN'T **KNOW**, EVERYTHING WILL BE **FINE**.



MAKE CERTAIN **NO ONE** ENTERS OR LEAVES THIS ROOM UNTIL I RETURN!

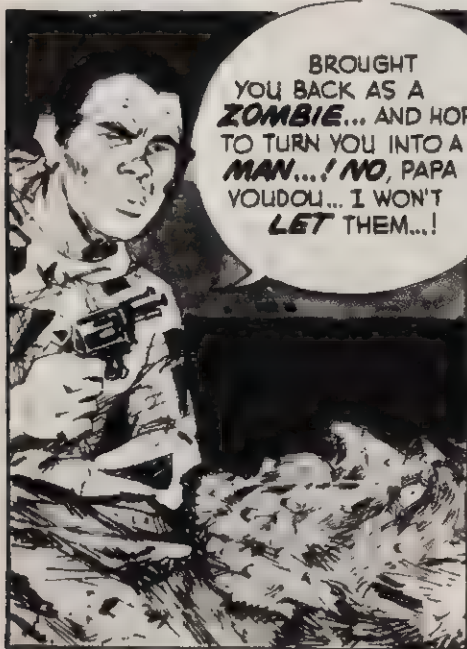
YES, SIR.







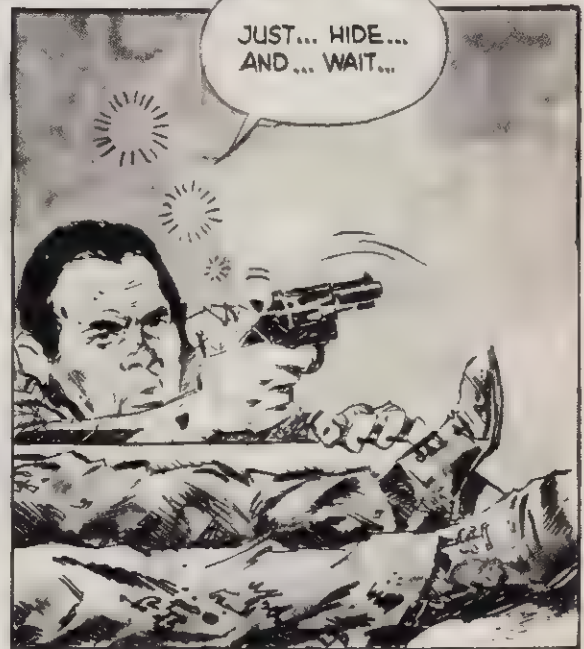
IT'S *TRUE*...!
ALL I HEARD DOMINIQUE
AND RAMM SPEAK TO DR.
VAN HELSING... THEY MEAN
TO MAKE HIM *LIVE*...
LET HIM *RULE* AGAIN...!



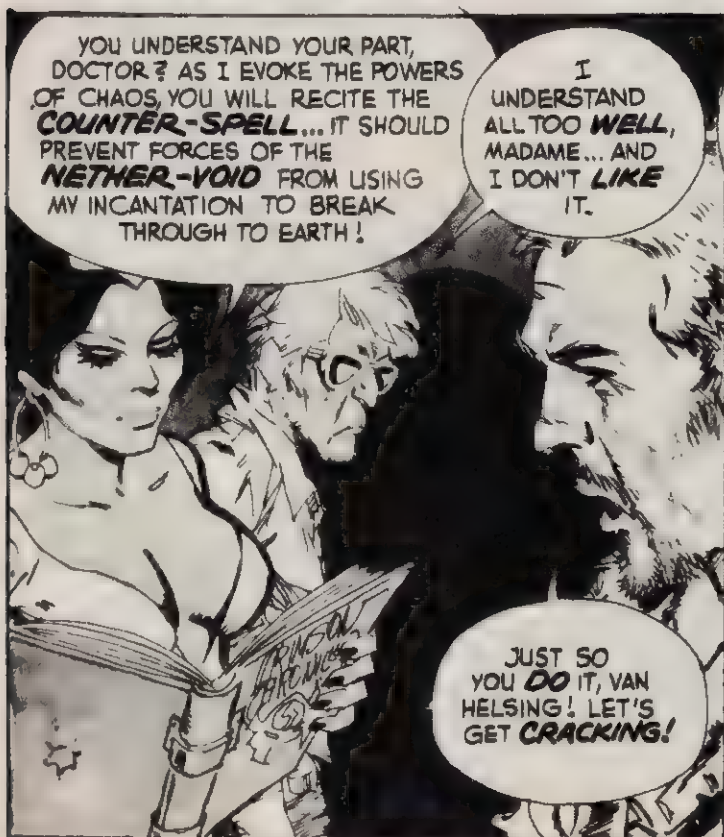
BROUGHT
YOU BACK AS A
ZOMBIE... AND HOPE
TO TURN YOU INTO A
MAN...! NO, PAPA
VOUDOU... I WON'T
LET THEM...!



MAN LIKE *YOU*
SHOULDN'T LIVE *ONCE*,
PAPA VOUDOU... LET ALONE
TWICE...! I'LL *STOP*
THEM... JUST HAVE TO
HIDE AND WAIT...



JUST... HIDE...
AND... WAIT...



YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR PART,
DOCTOR? AS I EVOKE THE POWERS
OF CHAOS, YOU WILL RECITE THE
COUNTER-SPELL... IT SHOULD
PREVENT FORCES OF THE
NETHER-VOID FROM USING
MY INCANTATION TO BREAK
THROUGH TO EARTH!

I
UNDERSTAND
ALL TOO *WELL*,
MADAME... AND
I DON'T *LIKE*
IT.

JUST SO
YOU *DO* IT, VAN
HELSING! LET'S
GET *CRACKING*!



EVERY DAY
WITHOUT PAPA VALIER
IS TIME FOR RADICALS
LIKE THAT *GIRAUD* TO
BE STIRRING UP THE
CIVILIANS *AGAINST*
US!

THOSE DAYS
ARE *OVER*, COLONEL.
LET US TAKE OUR PLACES...
AND *BEGIN*!

BUT AS ONE ACT OF LIFE AND DEATH STARTS ELSEWHERE IN THE PALACE, ANOTHER IS **ENDING...**

WE SHOULD KNOW IN A MOMENT IF THE TRANSFUSION WAS A **SUCCESS**. IT'S FORTUNATE I DIDN'T **IMMEDIATELY** FIND A WAY INTO THE PALACE... I MIGHT NOT HAVE FLOWN PAST AND SEEN ADAM HERE!

BUT I FEEL **SO WEAK** NOW... THIRST, **CRAWING**, BEGINNING TO OVERTAKE ME...



AND VAMPIRELLA PRODUCES A VIAL OF THICK, DARK FLUID... THE SPECIAL **SERUM** THAT TAKEN ONCE EACH 24 HOURS KEEPS HER FROM BEING A HUNTRESS PREYING ON THE **BLOOD** OF MANKIND.

VAMPIRELLA...! I WAS **DYING**... Y-YOU...



YES, ADAM. WE HAVE SHARED BLOOD. A MOST INTIMATE RITUAL ON MY WORLD. DONE ONLY BETWEEN THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS...



...OR **LOVERS!**



NOW REST WELL, MY DARLING... I MUST DO WHAT **I CAME** TO DO IN THIS PLACE.



YOU WILL **PROTECT** YOUR PATIENT, DOCTOR... YOU WILL ALLOW **NO ONE** TO HARM HIM!



I WILL ALLOW **NO ONE** TO HARM HIM.

AND I PRAY I'M IN **TIME** TO DO THE SAME FOR ADAM'S **FATHER!**



AND IN THE SHADOWED CHAMBER, WHERE PAPA VOUDOU LIES, MADAME DOMINIQUE BEGINS HER CHANT TO A MAD GOD AND THE SEVEN DEMONS WHO SERVE HIM...



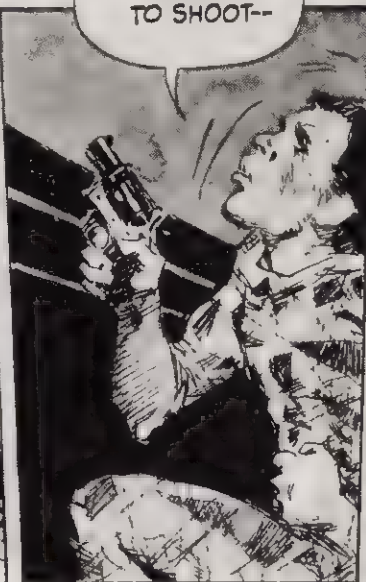
WE ARE **COMPANIONS OF CHAOS!**
WE SERVE THE **SEVEN** WHO SERVE
THE MASTER! WE STAND BEFORE THE
SUNDERED CIRCLE, SYMBOL OF
EARTH SPLIT ONCE MORE WHEN THE
SEVEN STALK AGAIN!

NOW...!
MUST BE
NOW...

LET ME
LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO--

LIVE LONG
ENOUGH
TO SHOOT--

LIVE ...
LET ME--
LI--*



THE LOOMING ALTAR, THE CHAMBER'S DARKNESS, **HIDE**
PAUL GIRAUD... AND CRIES TO **CHAOS** MASK HIS FINAL BREATHS.



HEAR US,
GREAT GOD OF
THE NETHER-VOID...
SEND THE SPELL
WE SEEK!

MAKE THE
ONE PLACED
BEFORE YOU
WHOLE... MAKE
HIM AS HE
WAS!

AND FROM THAT PLACE THAT IS NOT A PLACE, FROM THAT LIMBO WHICH IS BEYOND SPACE AND TIME, REALITY ITSELF... FROM THE **NETHER-VOID**... THE POWER OF THE MAD, BANISHED GOD **REACHES OUT!**



THEN, THE MOMENT FADES INTO BLACKNESS, STILLNESS... UNTIL ...

**COLONEL!
LOOK AT THE ALTAR!
PAPA VOUDOU
MOVES!**

AS A ZOMBIE HE WOULD
MOVE ONLY AT *MY*
COMMAND... THE SPELL
HAS **WORKED!** HE
LIVES AS HE **WAS!**

YES, I LIVE! JACQUES
VALIER LIVES AGAIN AS I
SWORE I WOULD! YOU HAVE
SERVED ME WELL, DOMINIQUE...
YOU AND COLONEL RAMM!
PAPA VOUDOU WILL NOT
FORGET HIS WOMAN AND
HIS FRIEND!

PAPA, I MUST
**SEE YOU, HOLD
YOU AGAIN...**



A MATCH REKINDLES A BRAZIER, AND
BRINGS LIGHT TO ... **HORROR!**

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

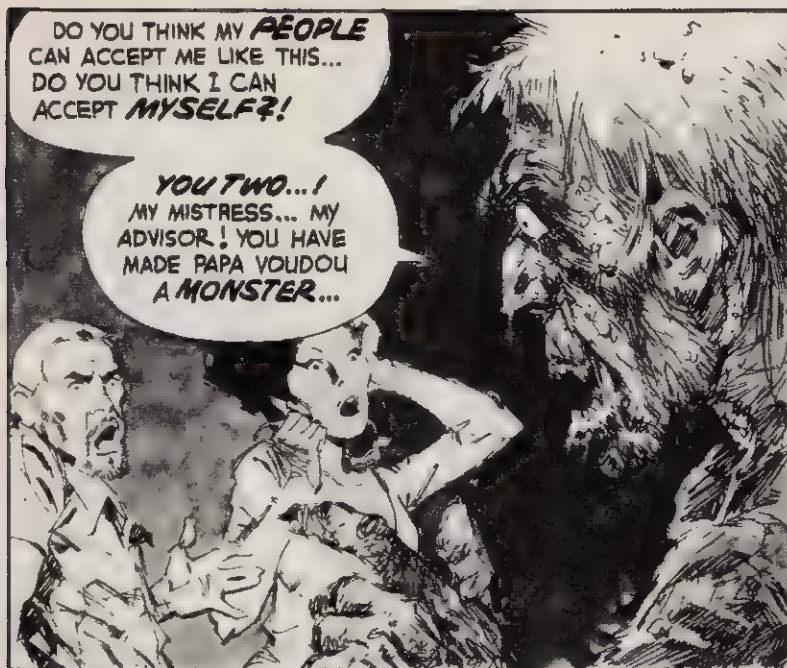


**MY HANDS!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO MY HANDS?!
ROTTING...
DECAYING...!**

**WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?! WHY AM
I LIKE THIS?! A CORPSE... A ZOMBIE
WITH THE MIND, THE THOUGHTS OF
A LIVING MAN!**



**T-THE SPELL...
IT ONLY WORKED IN
PART... DIDN'T
RESTORE YOUR
B-BODY...!**



DO YOU THINK MY **PEOPLE**
CAN ACCEPT ME LIKE THIS...
DO YOU THINK I CAN
ACCEPT **MYSELF?**!

YOU TWO...!
MY MISTRESS... MY
ADVISOR! YOU HAVE
MADE PAPA VOUDOU
A **MONSTER**...

...AND THAT
MONSTER SHALL
DESTROY YOU!

BLAM!
BLAM!

N-NO
KEEP BACK...
**KEEP
BACK!**



AND YOU
ARE GOING TO
DIE FOR IT!



FOOLS! WHAT GOOD ARE
YOUR BULLETS AGAINST ONE
ALREADY **DEAD?** YOU'RE NO
BETTER AT SAVING
YOURSELVES THAN AT
RESCUING ME FROM THE
GRAVE...



BUT THE SPELL
WAS **WORKING**-- WHAT
WENT **WRONG**--?
WHAT WENT--
AAAAA--*

DAMNABLE WOMAN...
VOUDOU WITCH! I
DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT!
ONLY IN MAKING YOU **PAY**
FOR CONDEMNING ME TO
LIVE IN THE BODY
OF A **CORPSE!**

AND YOU
HELPED THEM,
DIDN'T YOU, OLD MAN?
PAPA VOUDOU WANTS
YOU **NEXT!**



NO!

THE THING THAT IS BOTH LIVING
MAN AND GRAVEYARD ENTITY
ATTACKS... LUNGES INTO
BLOWS WIELDED WITH
STARSPAWNED STRENGTH AND
SKILL... AND **LAUGHS!**

USELESS...! YOU
MAY **SLOW** ME, BUT YOU
CANNOT **STOP** ME. NO MORE
THAN THE OTHERS DID, NO
MORE THAN THE OLD ONE
YOU HOPE TO SAVE WILL
AFTER **YOU** DIE!



DEAD FLESH
CAN FEEL NO **HURT...**
SUFFER NO **PAIN!**



**BUT IT CAN
STILL BURN!**

AND IN A FIERY HALO, PAPA VOUDOU
DIES HIS SECOND DEATH. AND IF THE
SPIRIT THAT WAS TRAPPED IN THAT
DECAYING FORM STILL SURVIVES,
IT LIVES NOW IN ASHES AND DUST.

YOU ... **SAVED** ME.
I WHO HAVE DEDICATED
MY LIFE TO STAMPING
OUT YOU AND YOUR KIND...

THIS ISN'T THE
TIME FOR RESOLVING
OUR DIFFERENCES--IF THEY
CAN BE RESOLVED, DR.
VAN HELSING. WE MUST
LEAVE HERE BEFORE--

ASSASSINS!
YOU WILL GO
NOWHERE...
EXCEPT AS
CORPSES!



BUT AS THE FINGERS OF THE PALACE GUARDS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR WEAPONS...

KA-POW!
POW!
POW!

B-BUT... WHEN I AWOKE JUST NOW, MY CLOTHES WERE STILL SOAKING WITH **BLOOD**... BUT THERE ISN'T A **WOUND** ON MY BODY!

I'M JUST AS I WAS BEFORE THE SECRET POLICE **SHOT** ME!

THE **SPELL**--!

PAUL!
PAUL GIRAUD!
WHERE DID YOU--

IS IT TRUE? IS IT REALLY **YOU**, MY BOY? COL. RAMM INFERRED YOU WERE **DEAD!**

THERE WAS A **MOMENT** BEHIND THIS ALTAR WHEN I THOUGHT I **WAS!**

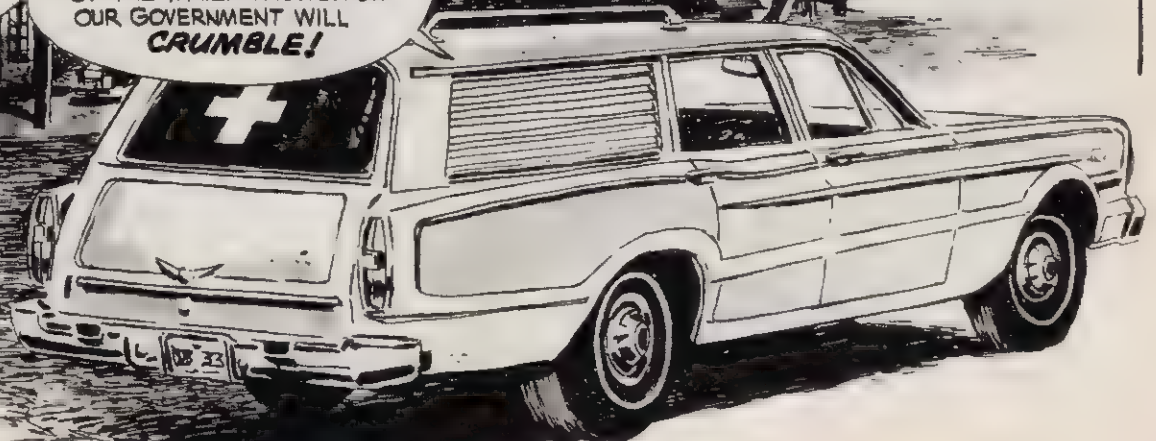
YOU WERE LYING SO **CLOSE** TO PAPA VOUDOU, THE POWER FROM CHAOS WAS **SPLIT** BETWEEN YOU! IT RESTORED HIS **MIND** AND YOUR BODY! AND EVIDENTLY DEATH HADN'T **QUITE** CLAIMED YOU... SO YOU'RE NOW **COMPLETELY** WELL!

AND TO STAY THAT WAY, WE'D BEST GET **ADAM** AND GET **OUT** OF HERE!

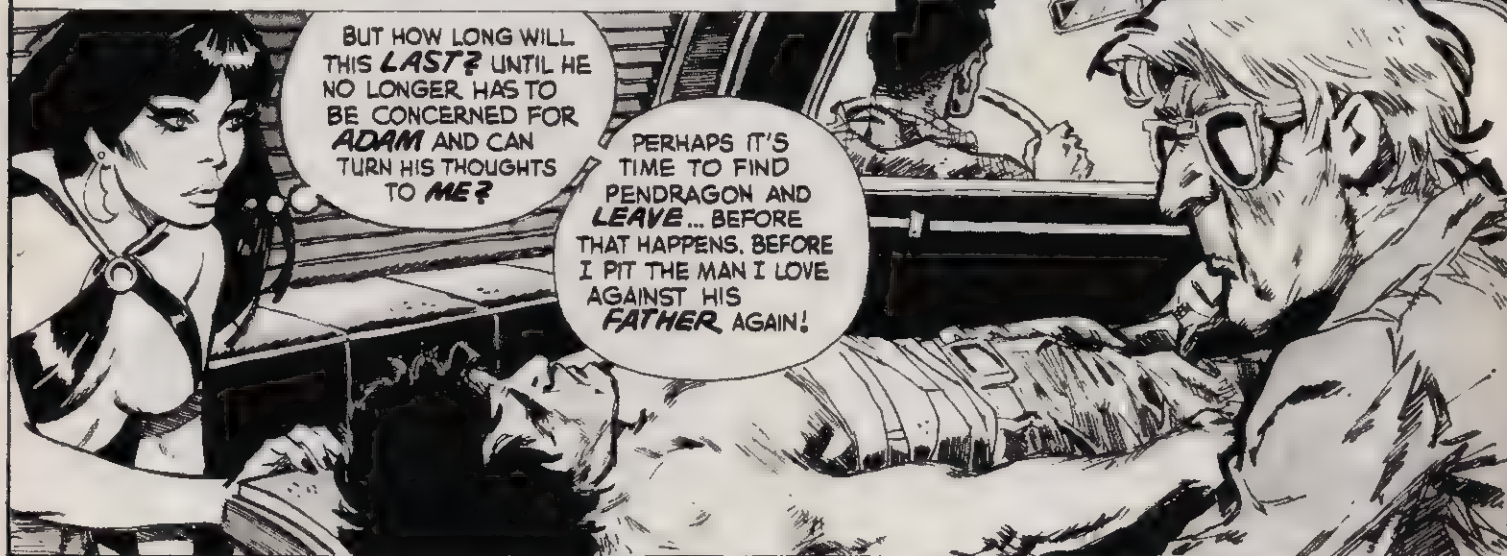
A SHORT TIME LATER, AS DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT REACHES TO TOUCH CÔTE DE SOLEIL... AN AMBULANCE LEAVES THE ROYAL PALACE.

YOUR WAY WITH **HYPNOTISM** DID MORE FOR US THAN A TROOP OF **GUERRILLAS**, VAMPIRELLA...

BUT WE WON'T HAVE TO BE FUGITIVES LONG. ONCE WORD IS OUT THAT DOMINIQUE AND RAMM ARE DEAD, THE HOLD OF THE VALIER FACTION ON OUR GOVERNMENT WILL **CRUMBLE!**



SO WITHIN THE INTERIOR OF THE SPEEDING VEHICLE THERE SETTLES A FORM OF **PEACE**... AND AN UNSPOKEN **TRUCE** BETWEEN A GIRL FROM THE STARS AND THE STERN OLD MAN WHO HAS SWORN TO KILL HER!



BUT HOW LONG WILL THIS **LAST**? UNTIL HE NO LONGER HAS TO BE CONCERNED FOR **ADAM** AND CAN TURN HIS THOUGHTS TO **ME**?

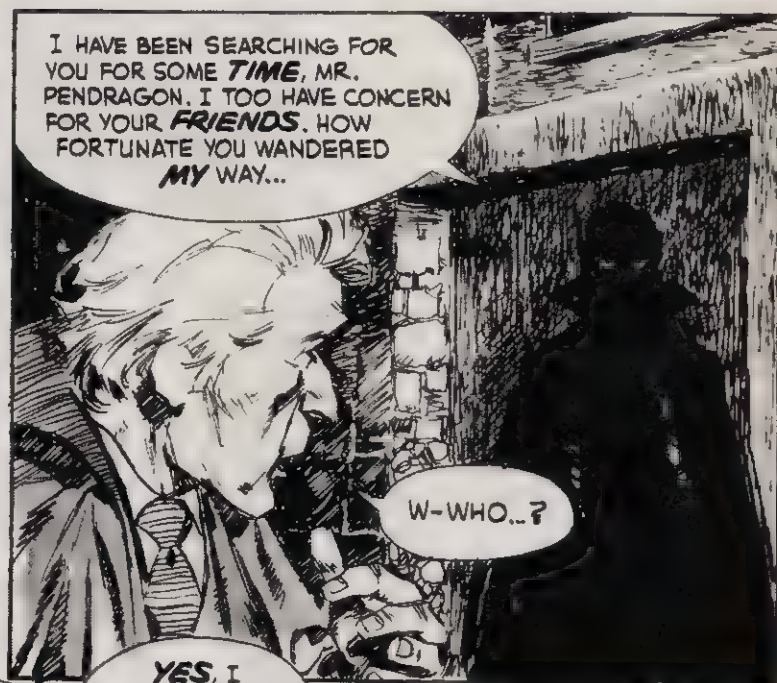
PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO FIND **PENDRAGON** AND **LEAVE**... BEFORE THAT HAPPENS. BEFORE I PIT THE MAN I LOVE AGAINST HIS **FATHER**, AGAIN!

EPILOGUE: ELSEWHERE IN CÔTE DE SOLEIL, IN ITS NARROW BACKSTREETS, THE FIRST LIGHT DOESN'T PENETRATE... FOR THOSE WANDERING HERE, IT IS STILL NIGHT.



DAMMIT, MAN... GET **HOLD** OF YOURSELF! YOU MUST DO **SOMETHING** TO HELP **VAMPIRELLA** AND THE OTHERS! IF ONLY I **KNEW** SOMEONE HERE...

MR. PENDRAGON!



I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR SOME **TIME**, MR. **PENDRAGON**. I TOO HAVE CONCERN FOR YOUR **FRIENDS**. HOW FORTUNATE YOU WANDERED **MY** WAY...

W-WHO...?

YES, I TRUST YOU. I WILL GO WITH YOU, MISTER-- MISTER--

YET AT A **GLANCE** YOU CAN TELL I WILL **HELP** YOU... THAT IT IS SAFE TO **TRUST** ME, CAN'T YOU? JUST LOOK INTO MY **EYES**...

YOU HAVE THE **ADVANTAGE**, SIR. I DON'T **KNOW** YOU.

I HAVE HAD MANY NAMES AT MANY TIMES, MY FRIEND. BUT I FIND I CONSISTANTLY CLING TO THE **OLDEST** ONE... I AM **COUNT DRACULA**!



AND THE TALL MAN, THE AGELESS MAN, SILENTLY LEADS PENDRAGON INTO THE SHADOWS. SHADOWS THAT ARE LONG AND STRETCH FAR. SHADOWS THAT WILL SOON TOUCH THE GIRL IN A WORLD NOT HER OWN... **VAMPIRELLA!**
NEXT ISSUE: "... AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS!"



ARE YOU BEHIND IN YOUR VAMPI
**BACK ISSUES
 COLLECTION?**

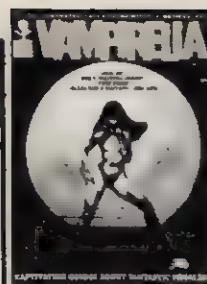
HERE'S THE CHANCE TO BRING YOUR

VAMPIRELLA

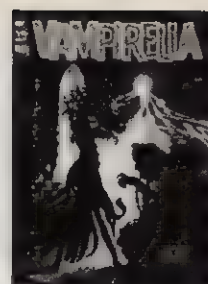
ISSUES UP TO DATE NOW!

(...THEY'LL BE VALUABLE TOMORROW)

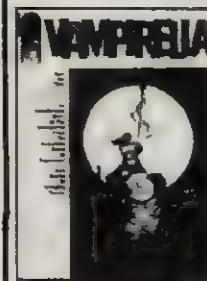
THESE EXCITING MAGAZINES ARE FAST BECOMING... COLLECTORS EDITIONS!



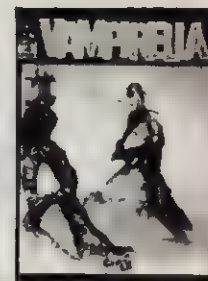
VAMPIRELLA #1



VAMPIRELLA #2



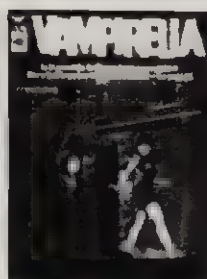
VAMPIRELLA #3



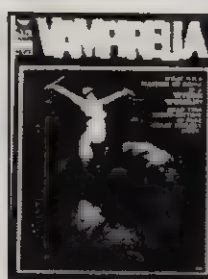
VAMPIRELLA #4



VAMPIRELLA #5



VAMPIRELLA #6



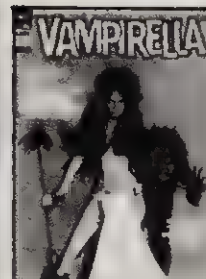
VAMPIRELLA #7



VAMPIRELLA #8



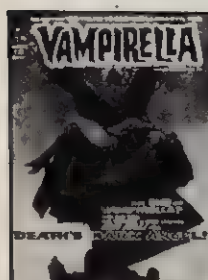
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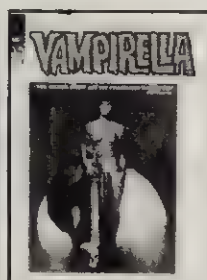
VAMPIRELLA #10



VAMPIRELLA #11



VAMPIRELLA #12



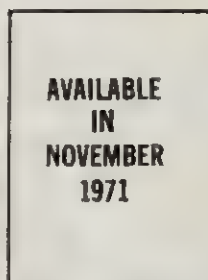
VAMPIRELLA #13



1972 YEARBOOK



VAMPIRELLA #14



VAMPIRELLA #15



VAMPIRELLA #16

AVAILABLE
IN
NOVEMBER
1971

AVAILABLE
IN
JANUARY
1972

WHAT?! YOU SAY YOU'RE MISSING BACK ISSUES OF VAMPIRELLA? YOU'RE MISSING OUT ON A FABULOUS ARRAY OF STORIES BY THE GREATEST ARTISTS & WRITERS ALIVE! LATCH ON TO THESE TREASURES NOW BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE!

GET THE EARLY ISSUES NOW, WHILE THEY'RE STILL AVAILABLE!

YOUR COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE AT ALL WITHOUT EVERY ISSUE OF VAMPIRELLA!

GET WITH IT !!

MAIL THIS COUPON

TODAY!

DON'T WAIT! DO IT NOW!

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HERE'S A LITTLE
TRIP DOWN MEMORY
LANE WHICH SHOULD
LEAVE YOU FEELING
PRETTY LIGHTEADED...
MAYBE EVEN
LIGHTEARTED!

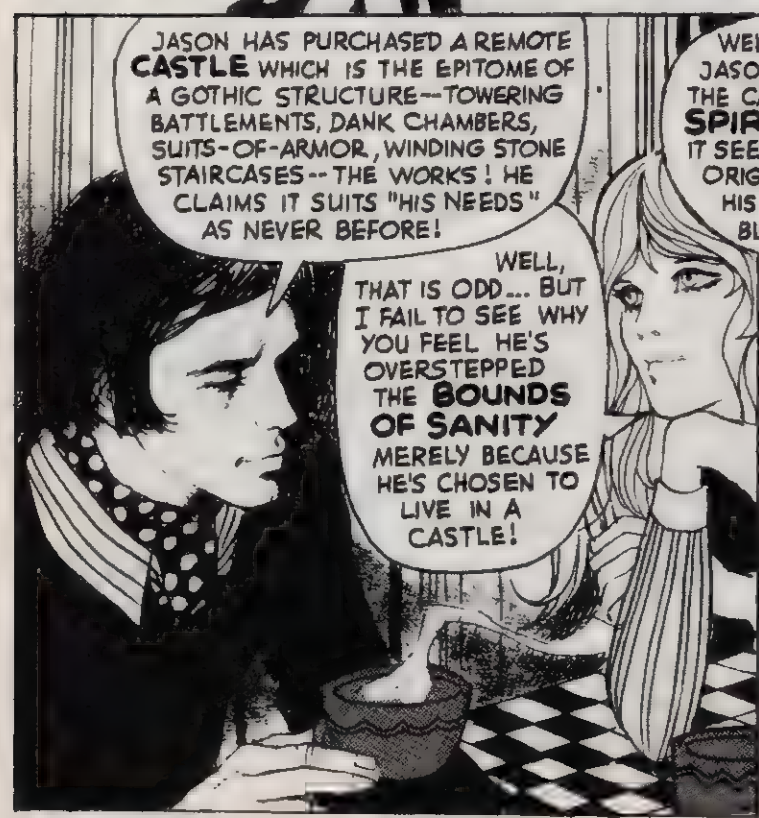
"IT ALL STARTED AT BREAKFAST. THE DAY SEEMED DECEPTIVELY TYPICAL. ALREADY LATE FOR WORK, SIPPING FRESHLY-BREWED TEA AS RAPIDLY AS MY SCORCHED LIPS WOULD TOLERATE, I DISCUSSED WITH MY WIFE A LETTER I HAD RECENTLY RECEIVED-- A LETTER SOON TO INVOLVE ME IN A BIZARRE SERIES OF CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WOULD CULMINATE WITH THE APPEARANCE OF JASON SOAMES, AND..."

QUAVERING SHADOWS




YOU MAKE
HIM SOUND
EVER SO
MYSTERIOUS.
ANDREW...

I'M SORRY,
PAT. IT'S JUST THAT I
DON'T WANT YOU UPSET!
HIS LETTER WAS SO VERY
STRANGE-- YOU KNOW HOW
YOU ARE ABOUT SUCH THINGS,
UPSETTING YOURSELF OVER
EVERYTHING-- ESPECIALLY
NOW, WHAT WITH THIS
NEW STRANGLER-- MURDERER
OR WHATEVER ON THE
LOOSE!



JASON HAS PURCHASED A REMOTE
CASTLE WHICH IS THE EPITOME OF
A GOTHIC STRUCTURE--TOWERING
BATTLEMENTS, DANK CHAMBERS,
SUITS-OF-ARMOR, WINDING STONE
STAIRCASES-- THE WORKS! HE
CLAIMS IT SUITS "HIS NEEDS"
AS NEVER BEFORE!

WELL,
THAT IS ODD... BUT
I FAIL TO SEE WHY
YOU FEEL HE'S
OVERSTEPPED
THE **BOUNDS**
OF **SANITY**
MERELY BECAUSE
HE'S CHOSEN TO
LIVE IN A
CASTLE!



WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW,
JASON IS CONVINCED THAT
THE CASTLE IS INHABITED BY...
SPIRITS, AS HE PUTS IT!
IT SEEMS THE CASTLE'S
ORIGINAL MASTER MURDERED
HIS WIFE IN A DEVILISHLY
BLOOD-THIRSTY FASHION..

AND NOW
I SUPPOSE
THEIR SPIRITS
ROAM THE CASTLE?
YES, I SUPPOSE
THAT **IS** A RATHER
SERIOUS
DELUSION!

"I KNEW MY WIFE WOULDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF MY LEAVING ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, BUT I WAS FRANKLY CONCERNED ABOUT JASON. HE ALWAYS CHOSE TO BE ALONE. HE HAD NO WIFE OR RELATIVES AND AS I KNEW I WAS HIS **ONLY** FRIEND!"

YES! I'M QUITE WORRIED ABOUT HIM! OH, HE RATIONALIZES HIS BELIEF WITH IMPRESSIVE PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC JARGON CALLING HIS GHOSTS "**PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS**", BUT THAT ONLY MAKES HIS CONDITION WORSE IN MY OPINION! HE WANTS ME TO VISIT HIM-- TONIGHT, HE'S SO DESPERATE...

"SUDDENLY REALIZING HOW TRULY LATE I WAS, I SNATCHED UP MY BRIEFCASE AND HURRIED OUT..."

WHERE IS THIS CASTLE OF HIS LOCATED, ANDREW?

NEVER HEARD OF IT!

WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU **SHOULD** GO.

RAVENSWOOD, SIXTY KILOMETERS SOUTH OF LONDON!

IT'S NOT A TOWN; RAVENSWOOD IS THE NAME OF HIS CASTLE! GOOD-BYE! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

"INASMUCH AS I DETEST THE DECEITFUL PRACTICE OF FEIGNING ILLNESS TO OBTAIN A FREE AFTERNOON, THE REFRESHINGLY OPEN METHOD OF REQUESTING AN EARLY LEAVE-OF-ABSENCE FROM MY SUPERIOR LEFT MY CONSCIENCE ENTIRELY FREE OF NAGGING GUILT. SO IT WAS THAT I MOTORED DOWN THE TREE-FLANKED COUNTRY LANES OUTSIDE OF LONDON ON MY WAY TO VISIT JASON SOAMES, ECCENTRIC EXTRAORDINARY..."

"THE WEATHER WAS MILD, PERMITTING ME TO ENJOY THE BREEZE THROUGH MY COUPE'S OPEN WINDOWS, AND MARRED ONLY BY THE PARTIAL SHADOW OF AN OVERCAST GREY FROM A SLIGHTLY OMINOUS CLOUDBANK TO THE WEST..."

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, CHEERFUL DAY! STILL I CAN'T STOP WORRYING ABOUT JASON!

JASON IS STUBBORN ABOUT HIS CONVICTIONS-- HOW AM I TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HIS CASTLE IS NOT, IN FACT, **HAUNTED** WITHOUT CLAIMING HE'S INSANE?

"I TURNED DOWN THE NARROW ROAD WHICH LED TO RAVENSWOOD AND, AS RAIN THREATENED, I WONDERED AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CONTRASTS INDUCED BY THE OPPOSING STATES OF DAY'S LIGHT AND NIGHT'S CLOAK OF DARKNESS..."

"IT WAS NEARLY DARK WHEN I FIRST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE TEMPORALLY INCONGRUOUS SIGHT OF RAVENSWOOD'S SPIRES OVER THE SWAYING TREETOPS..."

THERE IT IS! AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO RAIN...

THIS ROAD HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED BY AN AUTO FOR YEARS! JASON WASN'T UNDERSTATING THE CASE WHEN HE SAID HE ABSOLUTELY FORBID MODERN CONVENIENCES OF ANY KIND TO COME NEAR THE CASTLE!

"TREES WHICH, A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO, WERE BEAUTIFUL NOW TOOK ON A BROODINGLY MALIGN CAST. CROWDED THICKLY TO BOTH SIDES OF THE THIN ROAD, THE GNARLED BRANCHES HOVERED OVER MY AUTO AS IF REACHING OUT WITH GRASPING FINGERS TO CLUTCH THE METAL TRESPASSER. GROTESQUELY TALONED FINGERS CONTINUOUSLY RAKED OVER THE ROOF, HOOD, AND WINDSHIELD, CASTING EERIE SHADOWS UPON MY FACE..."



"THE RAIN BEGAN ABRUPTLY, POURING DOWN IN DRENCHING SHEETS AS IF WITH VENGEANCE! WITHIN THE AUTO, THE SOUND IT PRODUCED WAS UNUSUALLY LOUD, AMPLIFIED WITHIN THE CLOSED, NEAR-AIRTIGHT INTERIOR I SO GRIMLY SAT HUNCHED IN!"

POSITIVELY **UNCANNY!** IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE BRANCHES WERE **ALIVE**, TRYING TO KEEP ME AWAY!

"THEN THE AUTO STOPPED. THE ENGINE STILL SURGED; THE WHEELS STILL TURNED. BUT THE ROAD, NOTHING MORE THAN DIRT WITH SPORADIC TUFTS OF FLATTENED GRASS DOTTING ITS CROOKED LENGTH, HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A VERITABLE QUAGMIRE OF MUD UNDER THE FURIOUS RAIN! I WAS STUCK FAST IN IT..."

DAMN! IT'S NO USE! I'M ONLY MAKING THE RUTS BENEATH THE TIRES DEEPER BY DEPRESSING THE ACCELERATOR! I'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!

"SHRUGGING MY FLIMSY OVERCOAT HIGHER ON MY SHOULDERS, I RELUCTANTLY LEFT THE MIRED AUTO AND PLODDED AFOOT TOWARDS RAVENSWOOD. RAIN BEAT MERCILESSLY UPON ME... REPEATEDLY, I SCRAPPED MY FACE AGAINST UNSEEN LOW-HANGING BRANCH TENDRILS, MUTTERING CURSES UNDER MY BREATH WITH EACH NEW SCRATCH I SUSTAINED..."

SO BLOODY **COLD!** WET--I'LL PROBABLY CATCH PNEUMONIA BY THE TIME I REACH THE CASTLE.

"FINALLY, SOAKED TO THE BONE, MY FACE A MASS OF IRRITATING SCRAPES, I STOOD BEFORE THE CASTLE! IT CROUCHED UPON A SLIGHT HILL IN BROODING MAGESTY, ITS TURRETS AND BATTLEMENTS JUTTING STARKLY AGAINST THE RAIN-SWEPT SKIES. FOG CURLED LINGUIDLY AROUND ITS STONE FOUNDATIONS..."



F-F-FREEZING!
M-M-MUST G-GET
INSIDE!

"AFTER RAPPING THE TARNISHED BRASS KNOCKER THREE TIMES I WATCHED THE MASSIVE OAKEN DOOR, IN FASCINATION, AS IT SLOWLY CREAKED INWARD UPON RUSTY HINGES TO REVEAL JASON-- DRESSED IN THE CLOTHING OF THREE CENTURIES PAST!



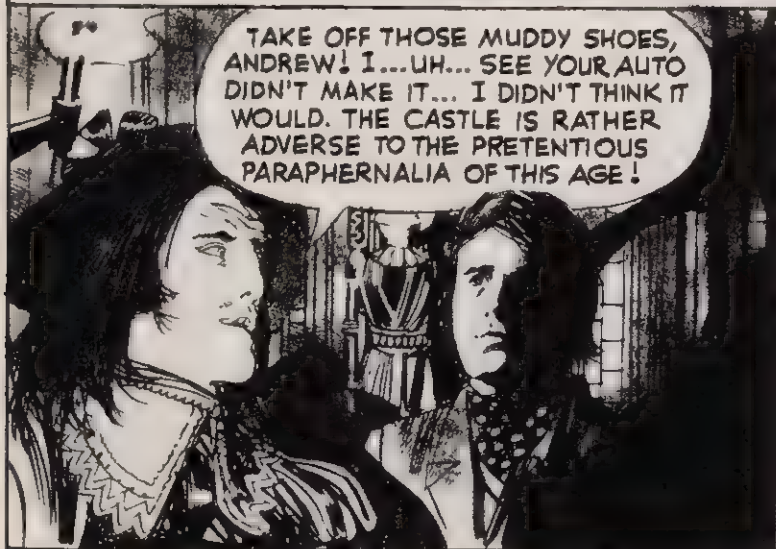
ANDREW!
YOU'VE MADE IT!
COME IN-- YOU'RE
SOAKED!

HOW **HIGHLY** YOU
TREASURE SANITY,
ANDREW! BUT, LATER!
RIGHT NOW, LET ME SHOW
YOU TO YOUR ROOM. I
HAVE PROVIDED A FRESH
CHANGE OF CLOTHING

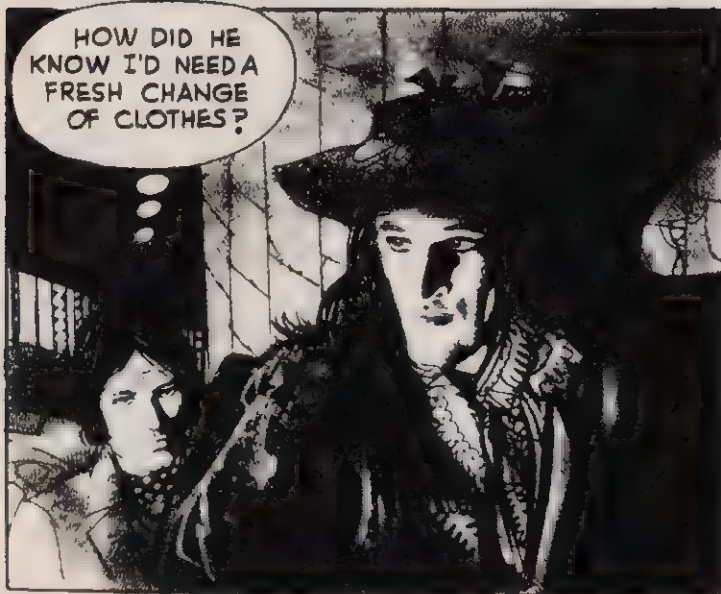


"JASON LOOKED QUITE WELL--AND QUITE **SANE**. I SUPPOSE I HAD BEEN EXPECTING A RODERICK USHER TYPE, PALE AND GAUNT, WITH LEERINGLY MAD EYES..."

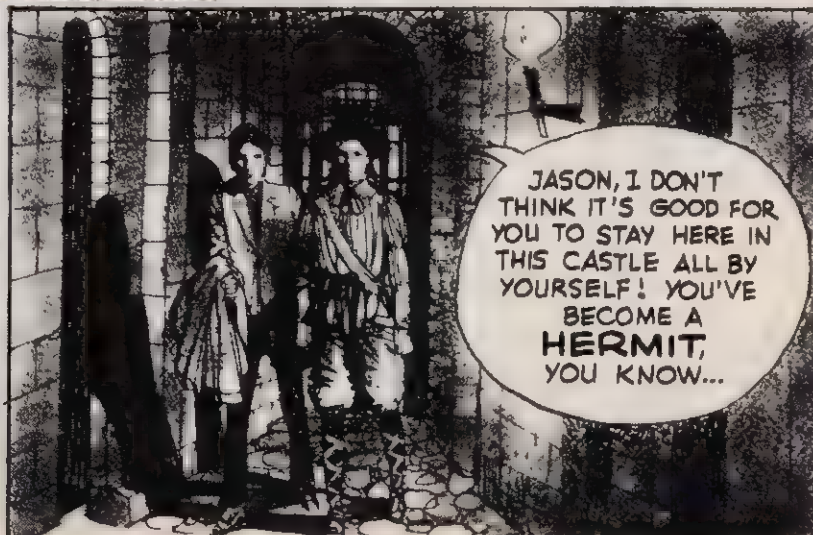
TAKE OFF THOSE MUDDY SHOES,
ANDREW! I...UH... SEE YOUR AUTO
DIDN'T MAKE IT... I DIDN'T THINK IT
WOULD. THE CASTLE IS RATHER
ADVERSE TO THE PRETENTIOUS
PARAPHERNALIA OF THIS AGE!



HOW DID HE
KNOW I'D NEED A
FRESH CHANGE
OF CLOTHES?



"JASON TURNED RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND LET ME DOWN A LONG, TORCH-LINED CORRIDOR WHOSE LENGTH WAS BROKEN OCCASIONALLY BY WOODEN DOORS TO EACH SIDE..."



JASON, I DON'T
THINK IT'S GOOD FOR
YOU TO STAY HERE IN
THIS CASTLE ALL BY
YOURSELF! YOU'VE
BECOME A
HERMIT,
YOU KNOW...

"AND THEN, JASON, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD IN HIS 17th-CENTURY CLOTHING LIKE THE ORIGINAL LORD OF RAVENSWOOD CASTLE, TURNED TO ME AND SAID..."

NOW, I DIDN'T SAY **THAT**, JASON...

NEVER MIND, ANDREW. WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER-- AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN ME A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT I'M NOT INSANE!... AFTER YOU'VE SEEN THE EVIDENCE WITH **YOUR OWN EYES!** HERE... YOUR CLOTHING.

MY LETTER HAS LED YOU TO THE CONCLUSION THAT I ... AM **MAD**? YOU PROBABLY DISCUSSED MY MADNESS WITH YOUR WIFE BEFORE COMING HERE ... EH, ANDREW?

"PAUSING AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, I HEARD THE FAINT BUT UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS OF VOICES-- ONE HIGH, THE OTHER MUCH LOWER PITCHED! I RECOGNIZED NEITHER AS BEING JASON'S..."

AFTER YOU'VE CHANGED, MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS IN THE DINING HALL. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU'VE HAD DUCK ROASTED ON AN HONEST FIRE INSTEAD OF BAKED IN AN **OVEN**?

VERY WELL, JASON. BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRYING ALL THIS JUST A BIT TOO FAR? I MEAN, KEEPING THIS CASTLE EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN THE 17th. CENTURY?

"BUT JASON HAD GONE, LEAVING MY QUESTION UNANSWERED. IT WAS AFTER I HAD CHANGED AND SET OUT FOR THE DINING HALL THAT I FIRST NOTICED THE EFFECTS OF MY EXPOSURE TO THE STORM..."

JASON SAID HE'S **ALONE** HERE! WHO CAN THOSE VOICES **BELONG** TO?

FEEL SO... WEAK! THE WHOLE CASTLE SEEMS TO HAVE SHIFTED ITSELF-- COULD HAVE **SWORN** WE CAME FROM THE **OPPOSITE** DIRECTION! BUT THIS IS THE **ONLY** WAY TO GO!

"PUZZLED, I STEPPED INTO THE VAST DINING HALL. THE VOICES CEASED ABRUPTLY! BUT EVEN THOUGH I FELT INCREASINGLY ILL, I IGNORED MY DISCOMFORTS AND PRESSED JASON FOR AN ANSWER..."

JASON, WHO WAS THAT SPEAKING A MOMENT AGO? YOU SAID YOU WERE ALONE...

AH, **GOOD!** YOU HEARD IT THEN! I **AM ALONE**--AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE! THOSE VOICES WERE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE... SPIRITS... I ALLUDED TO IN MY LETTER. BUT, **EAT!** YOU SHALL SOON EXPERIENCE THINGS STRANGER BY **FAR** THAN THOSE VOICES!

"UNSATISFIED WITH JASON'S CRYPTIC REPLY, I NEVERTHELESS SEATED MYSELF TO THE MEAL. BUT THE EXCELLENCE OF THE ROAST DUCK WAS BEYOND MY APPRECIATION; MY ILLNESS, A RESULT OF MY TRAMP THROUGH THE MUD AND RAIN, PREVENTED ME FROM ENJOYING ANYTHING..."

GROGGY-- MY HEAD... SPINNING, FEELS SO LIGHT...

"BESIDES THIS, I WAS HAUNTED WITH DISTURBING SUSPICIONS CONCERNING JASON'S SANITY-- OR **LACK** OF IT..."

COULD HE HAVE BEEN CARRYING ON A TWO-SIDED CONVERSATION WITH HIMSELF IN **TWO CONTRASTING VOICES**? ADOPTING A DIFFERENT PERSONALITY AND SET OF MANNERISMS FOR EACH VOICE?

IS HE EVEN **AWARE** OF HIS PERIODIC LAPSES OF SANITY? WILL HE DO IT **AGAIN**-- IN MY **PRESENCE**?

"THEN, QUITE WITHOUT MY RATIONAL CONSENT, I CONCEIVED OF GHASTLY VISIONS IN WHICH JASON WAS REVEALED GROTESQUELY SCHIZOPHRENIC..."

"THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, JASON BEGAN TO SPEAK, HIS VOICE SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF MY UNSETTLING REVERIE..."

JASON, PLEASE DON'T **DECEIVE** YOURSELF...

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD EXPLAIN MY LETTER MORE FULLY, ANDREW. AND I SHALL BE BRIEF... THIS CASTLE IS HAUNTED BY A NUMBER OF SPIRITS -- PERHAPS **POLTERGEISTS** WOULD BE A BETTER TERM FOR THEM SINCE THEY HAVE SO FAR CAUSED NO HARM, CHOOSING INSTEAD TO PLAY HARMLESS PRANKS...

JASON, YOU CAN'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS CASTLE IS **HAUNTED!**?

DO NOT INTERRUPT ME, ANDREW! AS I WAS SAYING, I'VE FOUND FURNITURE MOVED FROM ROOM TO ROOM, DISCOVERED BROKEN CROCKERY, HEARD VOICES, MUFFLED KNOCKING OR THUMPING NOISES IN THE NIGHT, AND OTHER PHENOMENA ASSOCIATED COMMONLY WITH PRANK-PLAYING **POLTERGEISTS**.

VERY WELL, ANDREW! **SHADOWS** ARE THE ONLY THINGS WHICH WILL CONVINCE A SKEPTIC LIKE **YOU**! FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS TO THE FOURTH FLOOR-- TO THE BEDCHAMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL MASTERS OF THIS CASTLE... WHERE THE LORD OF THIS HOUSE **MURDERED HIS WIFE**!

"AFTER A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS WALK THROUGH THE MAZE-LIKE CORRIDORS OF RAVENSWOOD CASTLE, JASON BECKONED ME TO A DARKENED ROOM ON THE CASTLE'S FOURTH LEVEL..."

HERE, ANDREW! HERE IS WHERE LORD RAVENSWOOD MURDERED HIS WIFE AND HERE IS WHERE YOU SHALL SEE THE **SHADOWS**-- SHADOWS WHICH APPEAR **WITHOUT** THE BENEFIT OF ANY TANGIBLE OBJECT **WHATSOEVER** TO CAST THEM! GO IN WHILE I LIGHT A STRAW FROM THIS TORCH.

"SUDDENLY SEIZED BY AN OVERWHELMING DIZZY SPELL, I SAT WEAKLY UPON THE COUCH AS JASON LIT A STRAW ON THE TORCH WITHOUT..."

"AS SOON AS I SEATED MYSELF, THE DIZZINESS SUBSIDED. JASON WAS BUSILY LIGHTING TWO IMMENSE CANDLES SITUATED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE COUCH..."

THERE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, ANDREW!

"THEN, WITH THE EERIE LIGHT CAST BY THE FLICKERING CANDLES IN MY EYES, I WATCHED THE WALL OPPOSITE ME WITH RAPT FASCINATION AS THE SHADOW-SHAPES OF THE PEOPLE APPEARED ON THE WALL..."

"EVEN THOUGH CONVINCED THAT THE SHADOWS WERE NO MORE A MANIFESTATION OF GHOSTS THAN ARE SUNSPOTS, I WAS NEVERTHELESS **COMPELLED** TO WATCH THE DRAMATIC TABLEAU WHICH WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE ME..."

LOOK! YOU SEE, ANDREW? THERE IS NOTHING BETWEEN THESE CANDLES AND THAT WALL-- AND YET THOSE SHADOWS APPEAR **EVERY TIME** THE CANDLES ARE LIT!

OH, MY GOD, ANDREW! YOU MUST **LEAVE! IMMEDIATELY!** YOU MUST GO HOME!

IT'S GOT TO BE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION, JASON, CAUSED BY STARING AT THE SPACE OF WALL BETWEEN TWO MADDENINGLY BLINKING, FLICKERING CANDLES! DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE DEVELOPED A WAY TO PROVOKE EYESTRAIN!

JASON, STOP THIS TRICKERY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CAREFULLY PREPARED HOAX! **YOU'RE** RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE SHADOWS, AREN'T YOU?

"EVEN AS THE LARGEST SHADOW DESCENDED UPON THE OTHER AND BEGAN STRIKING IT IN A VIOLENTLY CRUEL RAGE WITH SOME SORT OF BLUNT INSTRUMENT, JASON PROTESTED MY ACCUSATIONS..."

IT IS NOT TRICKERY, ANDREW! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH, JASON! I WILL LEAVE -- GET A DOCTOR FOR YOU! YOU'RE SICK, JASON, SICK!

"JASON'S INSANE RAVINGS CONTINUED AS I TOOK THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS..."



"NOT UNTIL I REACHED THE SECOND LEVEL OF THE CASTLE DID JASON'S WAILING DIE AWAY... AS I WAS DESCENDING THE LAST FLIGHT OF STAIRS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR, I SAW THE ILL-DEFINED SHAPE OF A MAN BELOW ME..."



"INCREDIBLY, JASON STOOD BEFORE ME. I HAD LEFT HIM UPSTAIRS ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE!"

"ASSUMING THAT JASON HAD TAKEN SOME HIDDEN PASSAGEWAY DOWNSTAIRS TO APPREHEND ME, I WAS CONVINCED OF HIS IRREVOCABLE INSANITY..."

ANDREW! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

YOU SAW ME UPSTAIRS? GOOD LORD, ANDREW! I'VE JUST AWAKENED DOWNSTAIRS! I WAS ON MY WAY TO FIND YOU... THIS IS INCREDIBLE! FURNITURE HAS BEEN MOVED FROM ROOM TO ROOM BUT THEY'VE NEVER MOVED ME BEFORE...!

YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHERE I'VE BEEN, JASON! I JUST LEFT YOU UPSTAIRS, RAVING ABOUT SHADOWS!

NO! I DID GO UP THERE WITH YOU, BUT THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS LIGHTING THE STRAW ON THE TORCH--THEN I WOKE UP DOWN HERE! BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS-- YOU SAW THE SHADOWS, RIGHT? YOU MUST BELIEVE ME NOW!

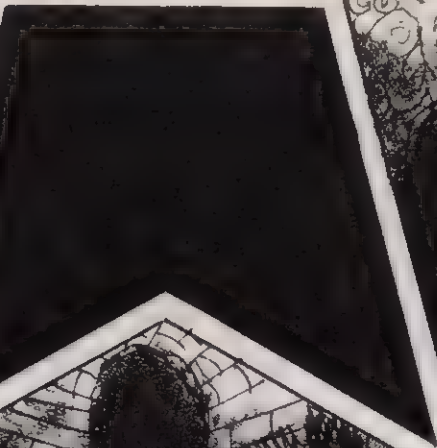
AS I SAID BEFORE, JASON, YOU'RE ILL! I'M LEAVING FOR HOME NOW. WHEN I GET THERE I SHALL SEND A DOCTOR FOR YOU! ARE YOU ACTUALLY TRYING TO TELL ME YOU DIDN'T GO UPSTAIRS WITH ME?

JASON, I SAW WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO SEE--I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT YOUR ELABORATE SHADOW SHOW ONLY CONVINCES ME THAT YOU ARE IN DESPERATE NEED OF PSYCHIATRIC CARE!

"WITH THAT, I TURNED MY BACK
ON JASON TO LEAVE..."



"... AND THAT'S WHEN
THE LIGHTS WENT
OUT..."



"IN A NEAR PANIC, I STRUCK A
MATCH, THE GLARE OF WHICH
ILLUMINED:"



"...RUSHING AT ME WITH
UPRAISED CLUB, INSANE
FACE!!"



"THANKFUL THAT MY EYES HAD ACCUSTOMED TO THE
GLOOM, I DUCKED JASON'S WILD SWING..."



"... AND FLED FROM
THE CASTLE."



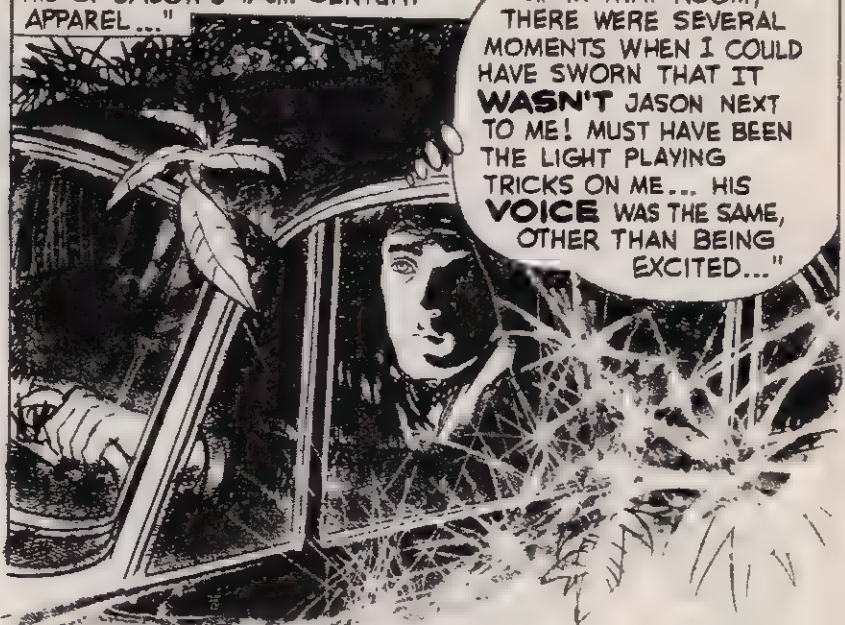
"THE RAIN HAS STOPPED, AND WHEN I REACHED MY CAR I COULD SEE THAT I WOULD BE ABLE TO CLEAR THE RUTS I HAD PREVIOUSLY DUG MYSELF INTO..."

NO ROOM TO TURN THE CAR AROUND ON THIS NARROW ROAD, BUT AT LEAST THE RAIN HAS STOPPED! I'LL HAVE TO BACK ALL THE WAY OUT...

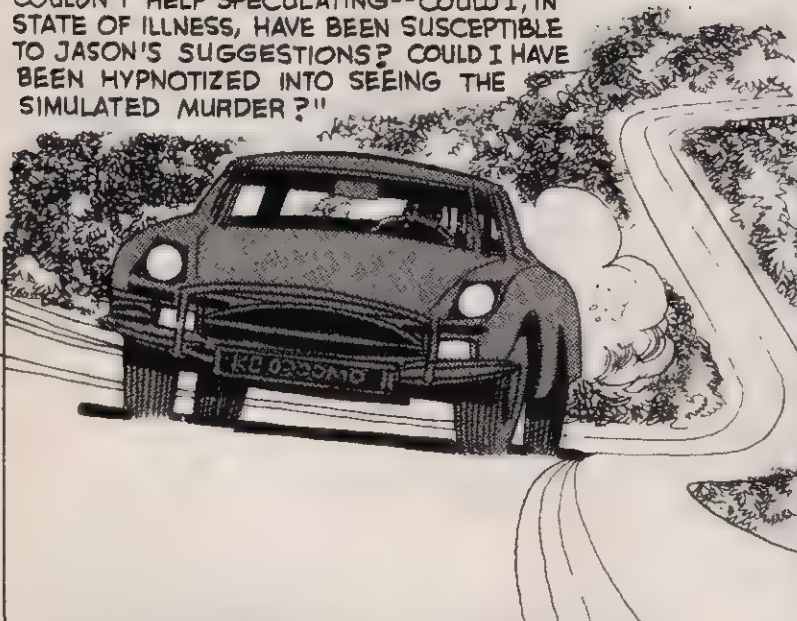


"QUICKLY, I CHANGED INTO THE SPARE SUIT I KEEP IN MY CAR, GLAD TO BE RID OF JASON'S 17th. CENTURY APPAREL..."

IT'S FUNNY... UP IN THAT ROOM, THERE WERE SEVERAL MOMENTS WHEN I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT IT WASN'T JASON NEXT TO ME! MUST HAVE BEEN THE LIGHT PLAYING TRICKS ON ME... HIS VOICE WAS THE SAME, OTHER THAN BEING EXCITED..."

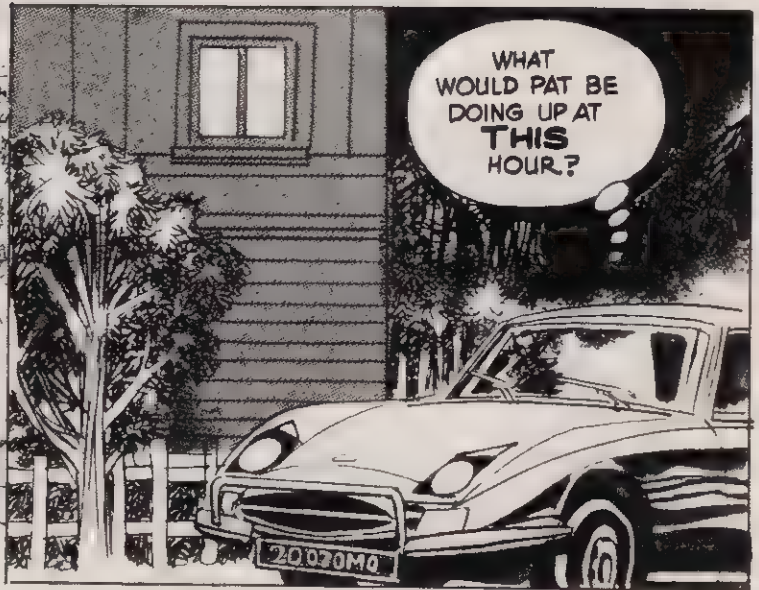


"SPEED LIMITS MEANT NOTHING TO ME. AS I PUSHED MY CAR TO ITS ABSOLUTE LIMIT, I COULDN'T HELP SPECULATING--COULD I, IN STATE OF ILLNESS, HAVE BEEN SUSCEPTIBLE TO JASON'S SUGGESTIONS? COULD I HAVE BEEN HYPNOTIZED INTO SEEING THE SIMULATED MURDER?"



"INASMUCH AS IT MUST HAVE BEEN WELL AFTER FOUR A.M. BY THE TIME I PULLED INTO MY DRIVEWAY, I WAS RATHER SURPRISED TO SEE THE KITCHEN LIGHT SHINING BRIGHTLY THROUGH THE WINDOW..."

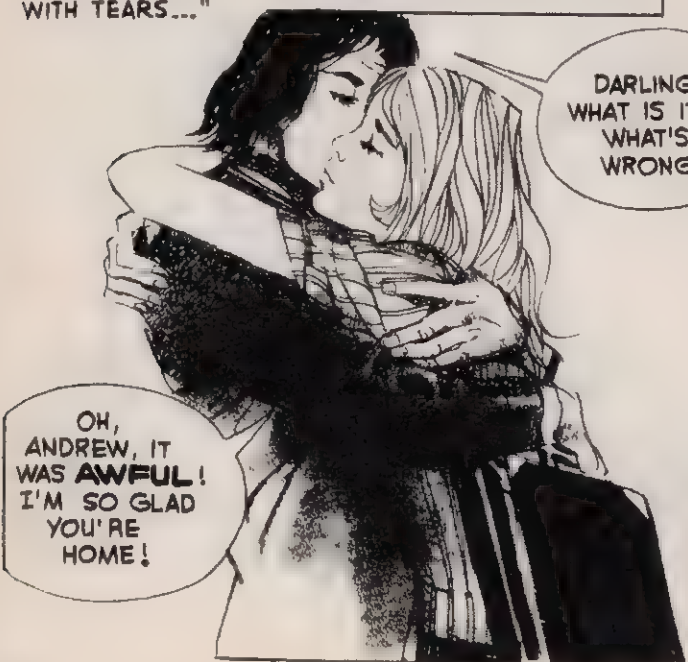
WHAT WOULD PAT BE DOING UP AT THIS HOUR?



"NO SOONER HAD I ENTERED THE KITCHEN THAN PAT RAN UP TO HUG ME FIERCELY, HER EYES RED WITH TEARS..."

DARLING! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, ANDREW, IT WAS AWFUL! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME!



"THEN THE STRANGER ENTERED FROM THE LIVING ROOM..."

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR. INSPECTOR AITCHISON, SCOTLAND YARD. YOUR WIFE'S HAD QUITE A SCARE TONIGHT..."



HAD A RUN-IN
WITH THE MAD
STRANGLER,
SHE HAS!

WHAT?

COULD
THOSE SHADOWS
HAVE BEEN
WARNING
ME OF THIS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE'VE
APPREHENDED HIM. WE'D HAD
OUR EYES ON HIM AS A SUSPECT
FOR ALMOST A WEEK--BUT WE
HAD TO BE CERTAIN. HE HAD A
CLUB TONIGHT, BUT I'M
SURE HE'S OUR MAN.

IN FACT, IF WE
HADN'T BEEN FOLLOWING
HIM TONIGHT, YOUR WIFE
MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN
SO LUCKY. WE SPOTTED
HIM AT TEN O'CLOCK...

JUST ABOUT
THE TIME I
HAD BEEN
EATING DINNER
WITH JASON--
WHY DID I EVER
ACCEPT HIS
CRAZY
INVITATION?

...AND FOLLOWED HIM
HERE. HE MADE HIS ATTACK
JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT. WE
WERE ABLE TO STOP HIM
BEFORE ANY HARM CAME TO
YOUR WIFE. TWO OF MY MEN

HAVE HIM OUT
IN THE CAR
RIGHT NOW.

MIDNIGHT!
THAT'S WHEN THE
SHADOWS SHOWED
A WOMAN BEING
MURDERED!

I DON'T EXPECT YOU'LL RECOGNIZE
HIM, SIR. SEEMS TO CHOOSE HIS
VICTIMS AT RANDOM, HE DOES. BUT
WOULD YOU HAVE A LOOK AT HIM?
JUST FOR ROUTINE'S
SAKE, SIR.

CERTAINLY,
INSPECTOR.

THERE HE IS, SIR.
LOONEY AS A LARK,
IN HIS FUNNY CLOTHES
AND ALL!

I GUESS IT'S BETTER
TO LIGHT A CANDLE THAN CURSE
THE DARKNESS. SORRY I CAN'T BE
MORE ILLUMINATING. I FEEL LIKE
BREAKING OUT IN SONG... ME
AND MY SHADOW ♪

BUT-- BUT
IT **CAN'T** BE--!
IF THIS IS JASON, THEN..
WHO WAS I WITH
AT THE CASTLE--?

THE
END

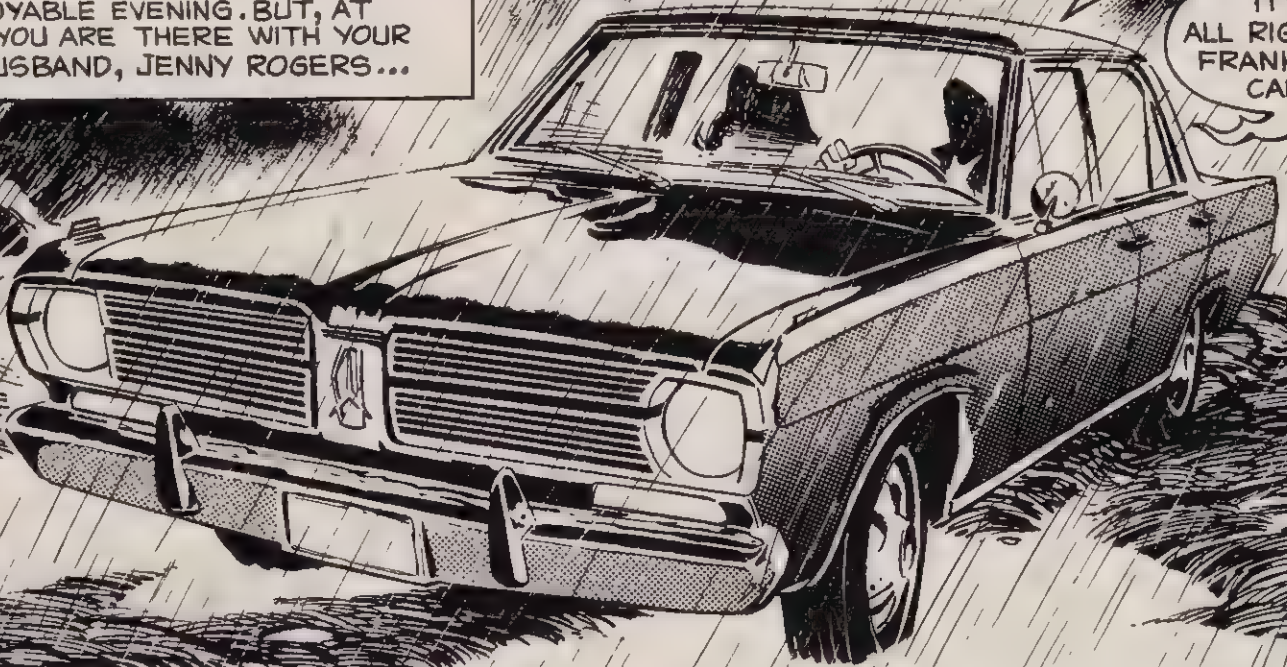
GREETINGS, FEAR FREAKS! THE WEDDING BELLS HAVE TOLLED, AND FRANK AND JENNY ROGERS ARE TOGETHER IN THEIR LITTLE BLISSMOBILE. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THEY'LL SOON BE NEEDING SOME NEW SHOCK ABSORBERS FOR...

A HOUSE is NOT A HOME

A HONEYMOON... A STORMY NIGHT... TWO PEOPLE, LOST... A FLAT TIRE... A MIXTURE OF INGREDIENTS WHICH DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE FOR AN ENJOYABLE EVENING. BUT, AT LEAST YOU ARE THERE WITH YOUR NEW HUSBAND, JENNY ROGERS...

LOOKS LIKE OUR LUCK RAN OUT FOR THE NIGHT- WE'VE GOT A FLAT, AND NO SPARE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FRANK. WE CAN-



C'MON, JENNY-- WE'VE GOT TO FIND A HOUSE WE CAN STAY AT TONIGHT.

WE'D FREEZE TO DEATH IN HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO WALK DOWN THE ROAD TILL WE FIND A HOUSE.

OH, NO, I'M NOT WALKING IN THIS RAIN! AND BESIDES, THERE ISN'T A HOUSE WITHIN MILES OF HERE!

OH, FRANK! WHY CAN'T WE JUST STAY IN THE CAR? WE'LL BE OKAY-



YES--YOU'RE VERY SURE OF YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU, JENNY? PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE OF THE **FEAR** YOU INHERITED FROM YOUR FATHER...

JENNY, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU'RE NOT JUST **AFRAID**? IS THAT THE REASON YOU WON'T LEAVE THE CAR?

YOUR MIND STARTS TO REVOLT, BUT YOU STOP... YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--TWELVE YEARS AGO--THE NIGHT YOU WANT TO FORGET. A STORMY NIGHT--NOT UNLIKE THIS ONE. YOU WATCH YOUR FATHER...

DADDY, WHAT ARE YOU--

YOU NOTICED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG... YOUR FATHER WAS NEVER THAT WAY! SO YOU STAYED IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ATTIC-- WATCHED YOUR FATHER BEGIN AN AWESOME RITUAL...

AD AUGLEM!...CORAN EN SATANUM...O, DARK ONES! HEAR MY CALL-- THE CALL OF YOUR **MASTER!**

YOU REMEMBER THE FEAR...THE INSANE FRENZY OF THE LIGHTNING... AND THE STRANGE AURA WHICH FORMED...

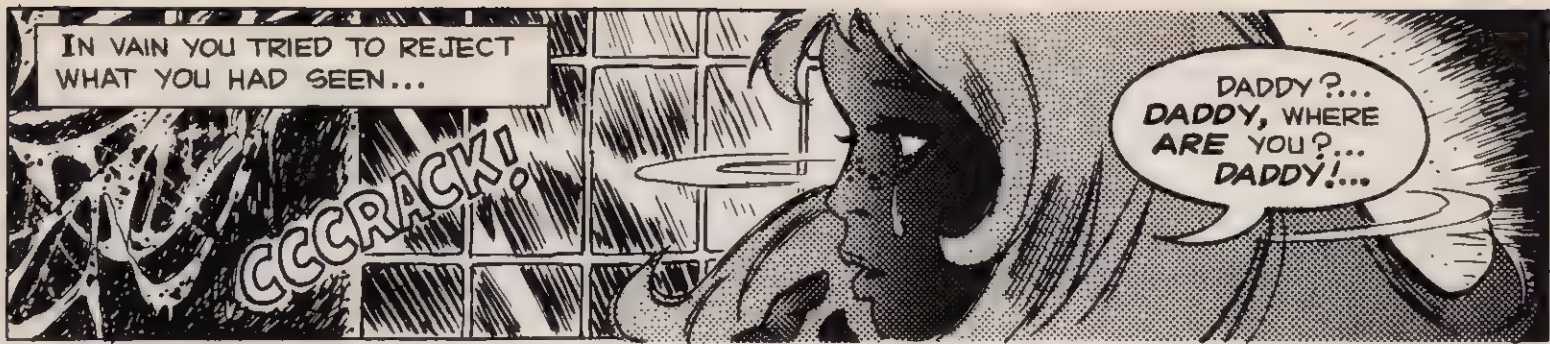
SATAN'S DISCIPLES! I COMMAND YOU--CALL BACK YOUR FIRE! RETURN!--**RETURN!**

AS THE CANDLE'S LIGHT FLICKERED, THE AURA CONSUMED YOUR FATHER! IT SURROUNDED HIM-- AND FADED...

THAT EERIE GLOW GREW EVEN STRONGER...FOR ALL THE SPELLS YOUR FATHER CHANTED, IT **WOULD NOT STOP!**

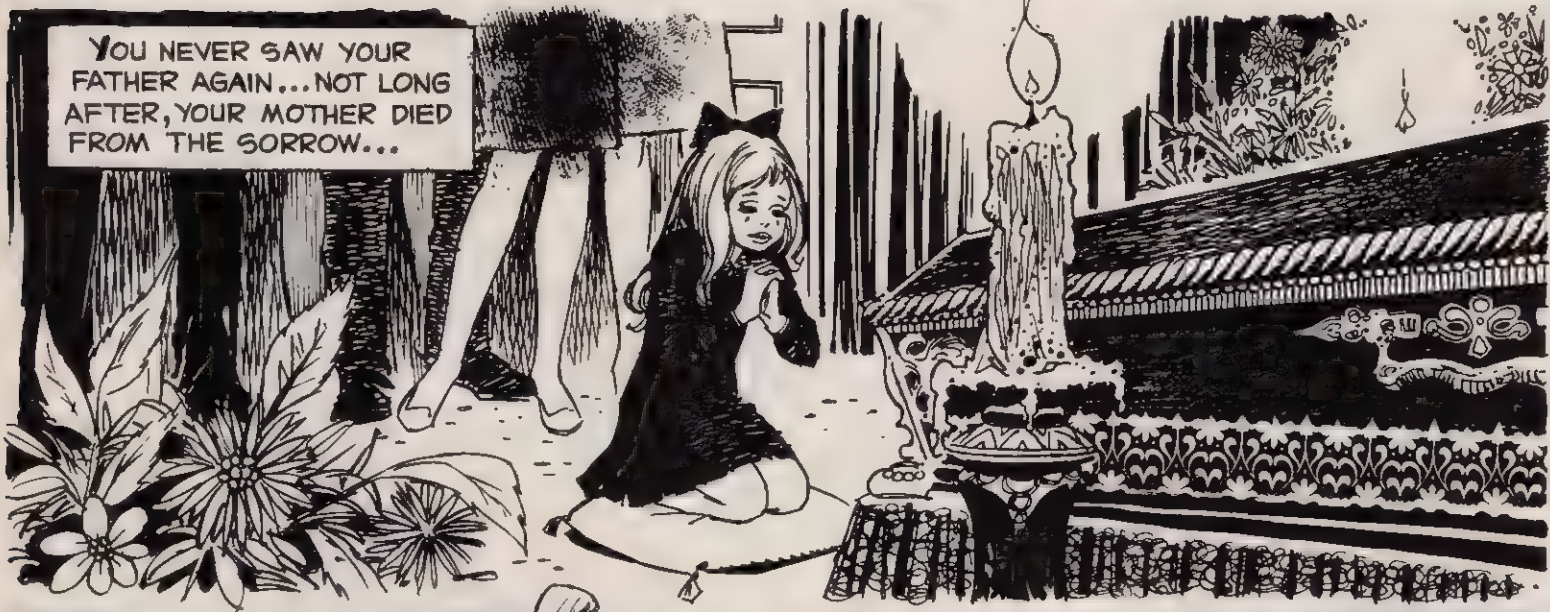
NO! NOOOOOO

FATHER!



IN VAIN YOU TRIED TO REJECT
WHAT YOU HAD SEEN...

DADDY?...
DADDY, WHERE
ARE YOU?...
DADDY!...



YOU NEVER SAW YOUR
FATHER AGAIN...NOT LONG
AFTER, YOUR MOTHER DIED
FROM THE SORROW...



YOU WERE
PLACED IN AN
ORPHANAGE-- YOUR
LIFE WAS FILLED
WITH PAIN. YOU
COULD NEVER FORGET
WHAT HAD HAPPENED
TO YOUR
FATHER.

YOU WERE OUT OF THE
ORPHANAGE FOR ONLY ONE
WEEK WHEN YOU MET FRANK--
AND ALL YOUR WORRIES
SEEMED TO VANISH!

FRANK ROGERS SWEEPED
YOU OFF YOUR FEET.
AND IN FIVE WEEKS, YOU WERE
WED...

YOUR WORRIES WERE A WORLD
AWAY WHEN YOU LEFT ON YOUR
HONEYMOON.



TEARS FORM IN YOUR EYES AT THE THOUGHT...YOU TRY TO BRUSH THEM AWAY SO YOUR NEW HUSBAND WON'T NOTICE...YOUR NEW HUSBAND...YOU THOUGHT THE TERRIBLE MEMORIES WOULD GO AWAY WHEN YOU MARRIED!



HEY, HONEY...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

OH--OH,
FRANK!

YOU TURN TO YOUR
HUSBAND, SEEKING
COMFORT...

OH, FRANK...I'M
SORRY. I WAS
THINKING--ABOUT MY
FATHER--AND.

OH,
JENNY--WHY
DON'T YOU JUST
FORGET ABOUT THAT
GHOST-CHASING
FOOL?



FRANK!
... I ...

YOUR MIND IS IN TURMOIL--YOU HAD HOPED FOR COMFORT FROM FRANK--BUT INSTEAD THERE WAS BITTERNESS. YOUR HEART TURNS OVER--YOU WANT TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT YOU CAN'T... SHOCK LIES DEEP IN YOUR THROAT.

I THOUGHT YOU
SAID THERE WASN'T
ANY HOUSE
AROUND HERE!

LOOK!
THERE'S A
LIGHT OVER
THERE...FROM
A WINDOW...

THERE
ISN'T...AT LEAST,
I--I DON'T
THINK THERE
IS. WHY?



COME ON.
MAYBE THEY'LL
LET US STAY
TILL THE RAIN
STOPS.

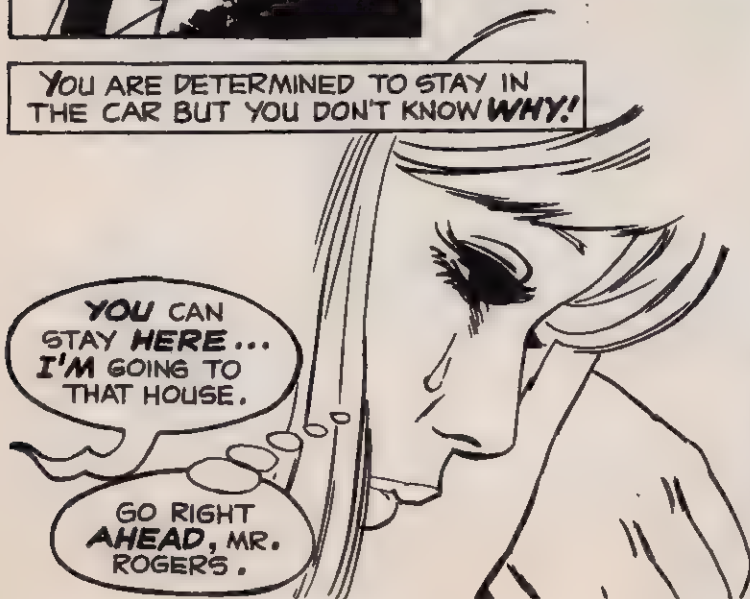
OH, FRANK--
I DON'T WANT
TO!



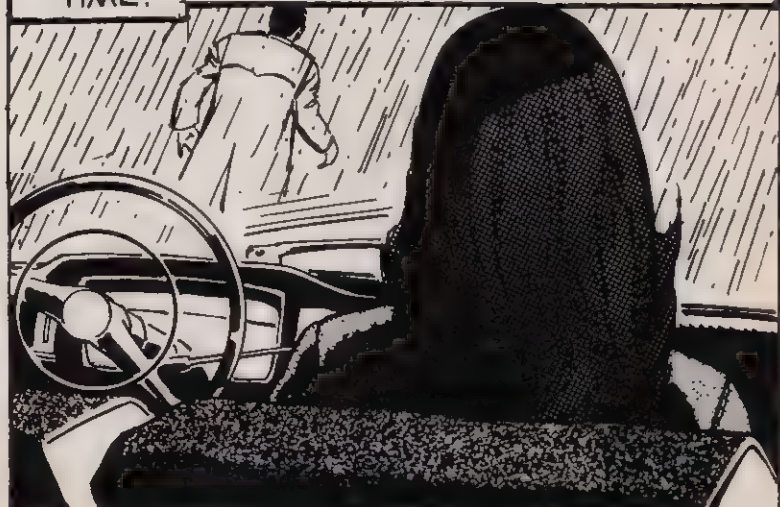
YOU ARE DETERMINED TO STAY IN THE CAR BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY!

YOU CAN
STAY HERE...
I'M GOING TO
THAT HOUSE.

GO RIGHT
AHEAD, MR.
ROGERS.



YOU WATCH HIM GO...THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN YOUR HUSBAND FOR SUCH A SHORT TIME.



YES, YOU ARE AFRAID, JENNY ROGERS. BUT YOU ARE EVEN **MORE** AFRAID OF STAYING ALONE IN THE CAR... SO YOU FOLLOW FRANK, TRYING TO WELL UP TRUST IN HIM.

LOOKS
EMPTY. THE
DOOR'S OPEN...
COME ON--LET'S
GO IN...

FEARFUL, FOR SOME UNKNOWN, UNSPOKEN
REASON--YOU STEP IN. YOU FEEL AS IF THIS
HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE...LIKE A DREAM.

IT'S SO
DARK IN HERE
...WHERE DID
THAT LIGHT COME
FROM?

DON'T
KNOW...HERE
ARE THE
STAIRS...

YOUR MIND TELLS YOU TO RUN... **RUN!**...
BUT FRANK IS YOUR YOUNG HUSBAND. YOU WANT
TO TRUST HIM, FORGET ALL YOUR CHILDISH FEARS!

FRANK,
PLEASE! LET--
LET'S GO BACK
TO THE CAR!

JENNY, YOU
...**COWARD!**
YOU'RE JUST LIKE
YOUR FATHER,
AREN'T YOU?
COME ON!

FRANK SEEMS **CHANGED**, DOESN'T
HE?... HE FRIGHTENS YOU...

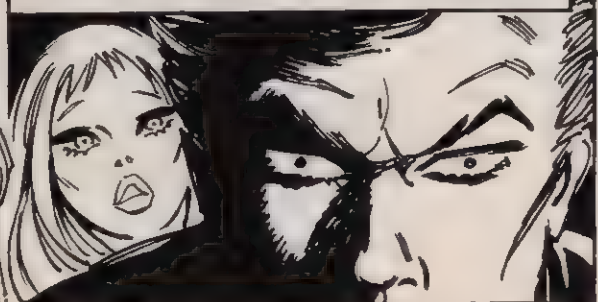
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET RID OF YOUR
FEAR **ONCE AND
FOR ALL!**

FRANK...
FRANK, YOU'RE
HURTING ME!

YOU ARE FORCED
UP THE STAIRS
BY A MAN
SUDDENLY BECOME
A STRANGER.
BUT YOU DO NOT
FIGHT, LEST HE
TURN ON YOU...
FEAR WELLS
IN YOUR HEART...
SLOWLY YOU
TAKE THE
STAIRS.

ALL IS DARK, SAVE FOR
MADDENING FLASHES OF LIGHTNING
WHICH REVEAL YOUR HUSBAND'S
FACE AS AN EVIL FACE. FRANK
ROGERS IS GONE. THE KIND
HUSBAND YOU KNEW IS GONE. A
STRANGER... AN **EVIL** STRANGER
PULLS YOU FORWARD!... YOU
GROW TO HATE THE LIGHTNING!

YOU TRY TO REJECT
THIS MADNESS, JUST
AS YOU HAD TRIED
WHEN YOUR FATHER
DISAPPEARED... BUT
NOW, AS THEN, YOUR
ATTEMPTS ARE IN
VAIN...



FINALLY, YOU KNOW YOU **MUST SPEAK**, OR DIE FROM THE GAGGING FEAR!

FRANK! STOP PLEASE!

SHUT UP!
LOOK--THAT'S WHERE THE LIGHT WAS COMING FROM.

THE FEAR SURGES... AT LAST YOU KNOW THE REASON FOR YOUR FEAR!

NOW...NOW YOU RECOGNIZE THAT GLOW... YOU STAGGER--AS IT DRAWS NEARER... FLAMING HIGHER, EVER HIGHER!

THIS HOUSE!...
OH, GOD NO! THIS WAS MY FATHER'S HOUSE! IT'S BEEN EMPTY ALL THESE YEARS!

YES, JENNY...

THIS WAS YOUR HOUSE, AND HERE-- HERE IS WHERE YOUR FATHER DIED!

FRANK--
HELP ME!

HELP YOU, DEAR JENNY? WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU...?

YES, THE AURA OF EVIL WHICH TOOK YOUR FATHER--IT BEGINS TO ENVELOP YOUR FRAME...AND YOU HEAR--FOR THE LAST TIME--THE VOICE OF YOUR HUSBAND...

AAAAAH! NO.....

AND WHAT OF YOUR HUSBAND, JENNY ROGERS? IF YOU WERE STILL ALIVE, YOU WOULD SEE HIM RETURNING HOME--TO THE STYGIAN DEPTHS OF HELL!

YOUR FATHER DESTROYED MANY DEMONS IN HIS RAMBLINGS! AND LONG, TOO LONG, HAVE THE OTHERS WAITED FOR REVENGE!!

THIS IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, OF A MARRIAGE MADE IN HELL! AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE NEWLYWED BECAME THE NEWLY DEAD...

THE END



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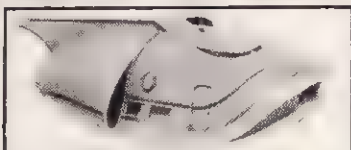
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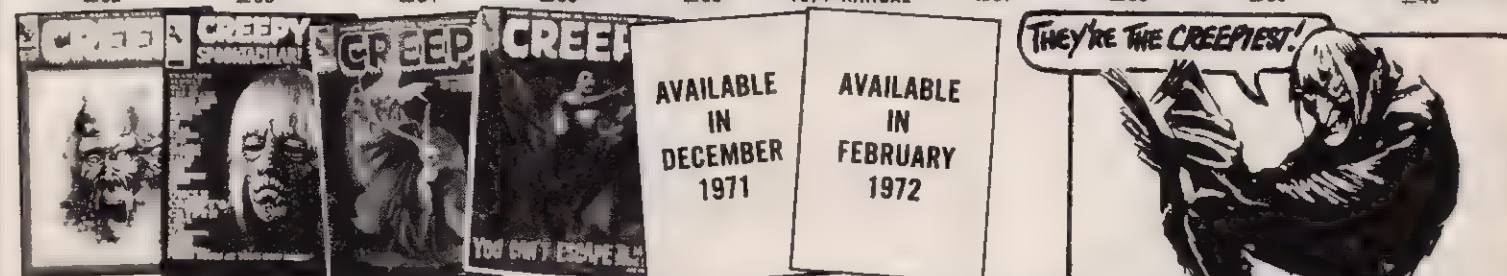
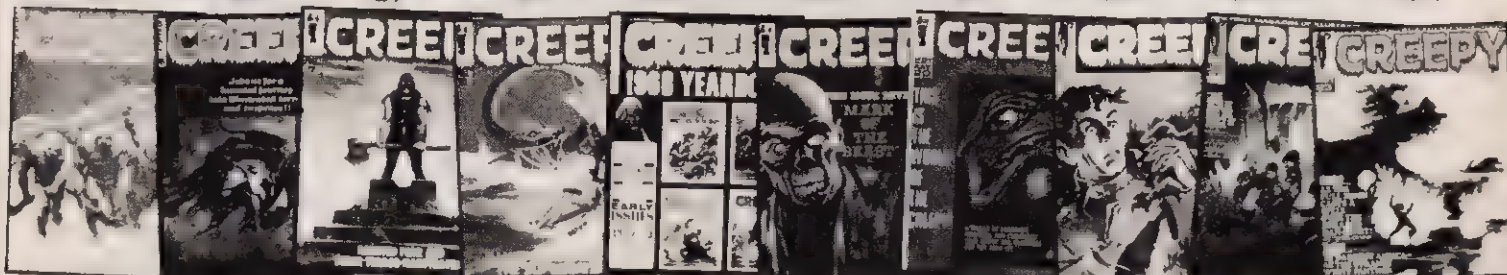
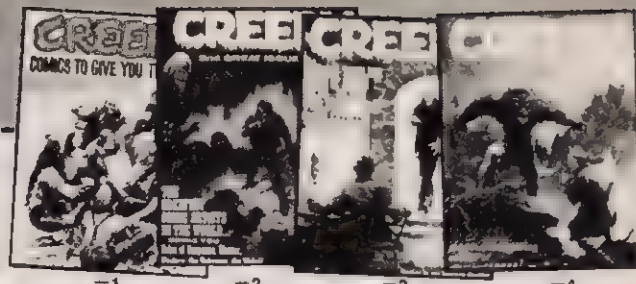
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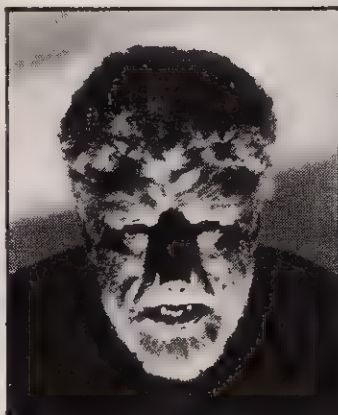
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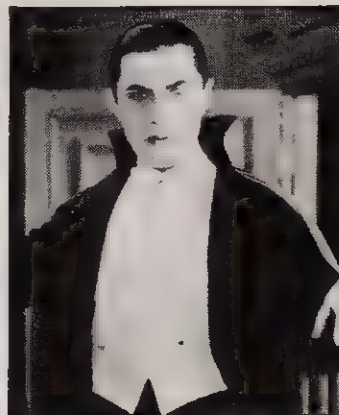
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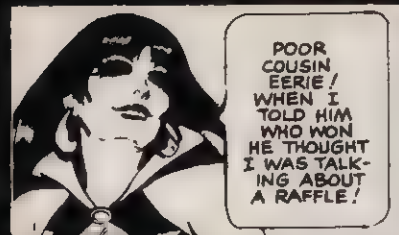
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1971 COMICON AWARDS GO TO FRAZETTA AND GOODWIN...

CREEPY AND VAMPI WIN BIG! EERIE SICK! FANS CHEER WARREN KEYNOTE SPEECH!

GONZALEZ, BRENNAN, WOOD HONORED WITH TROPHIES

Friday, July 2nd, was the day. Three p.m. the time. The setting: the 18th floor of New York's Statler Hilton hotel. The occasion: the second annual Warren Awards. Close to 1,000 fans were in attendance in the Penn Top, a ballroom arranged as an auditorium, as publisher James Warren announced the winners. Earlier in the day, Warren had delivered the Comic Art Convention's keynote address, excerpts of which appear on the following pages.

The award winners were chosen from the past year's issues of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. (CREEPY #'s 35 to 40; EERIE #'s 29 to 35; VAMPIRELLA #'s 7 to 12.)

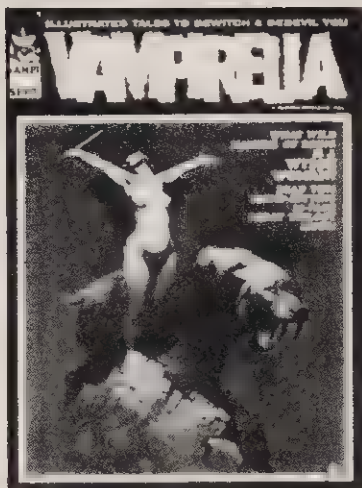
Receiving the Jack Davis cup for Best Cover was two-times-in-a-row winner Frank Frazetta for his cover of VAMPIRELLA #7. Frazetta won last year for the cover of EERIE #23.

Honored for Best Story was T. Casey Brennan for his "On The Wings of a Bird" from CREEPY #36, the sequel of which appeared in CREEPY #42.

The Frazetta trophy for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Jose Gonzalez for his work on "Death Dark Angel" from VAMPIRELLA #12.

Recipient of the Best All Around Artist trophy was Wally Wood.

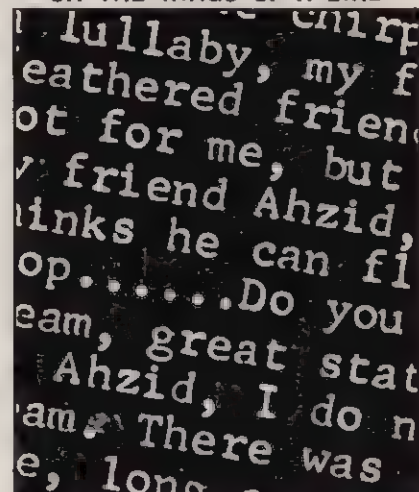
BEST COVER FRANK FRAZETTA FOR THE COVER OF VAMPIRELLA #7



Frank Frazetta's cover painting for VAMPIRELLA #7 which was chosen Best Cover from a total of 19 past CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA covers. Frazetta won last year for his cover of EERIE #23.

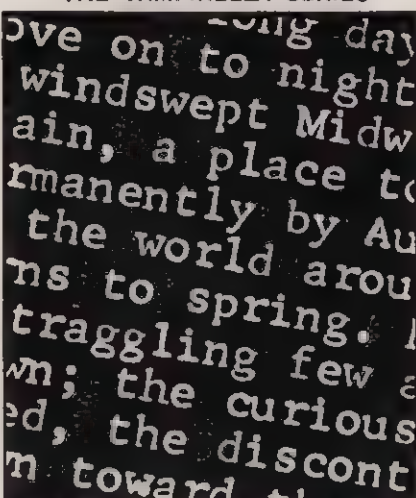
BEST SCRIPT T. CASEY BRENNAN FOR

"ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD"



The first few lines of "On The Wings of a Bird"—CREEPY #36, as they appear in manuscript. Author Brennan was presented with the Ray Bradbury cup for the surrealistic story, about a man in despair.

BEST ALL AROUND WRITER ARCHIE GOODWIN FOR THE VAMPIRELLA SERIES



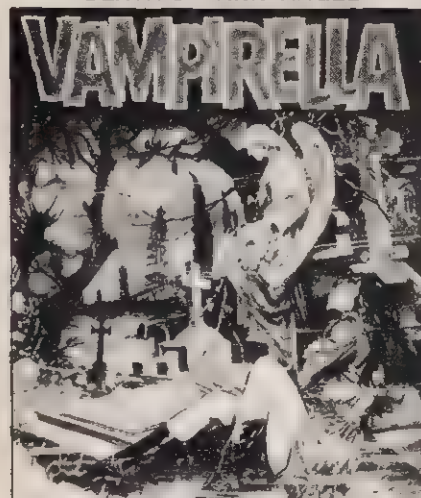
The lines are from "Carnival of the Damned" which appeared in VAMPIRELLA #11. Goodwin was honored for his continuing work on the VAMPIRELLA series. Goodwin took over the series in VAMPIRELLA #8.

BEST ALL AROUND ARTIST WALLACE WOOD FOR HIS WORK OVER THE PAST YEAR



The splash page from Wood's "To Kill A God!" from VAMPIRELLA #12. The story was one of several Wood both illustrated and wrote which have appeared over the past year in CREEPY and VAMPIRELLA.

BEST ART JOSE GONZALEZ FOR DEATH'S DARK ANGEL



The opening page of "Death's Dark Angel" from VAMPIRELLA #12. The story was the sixth chapter of the VAMPIRELLA series and marked the first appearance of Jose Gonzalez' work on VAMPIRELLA.



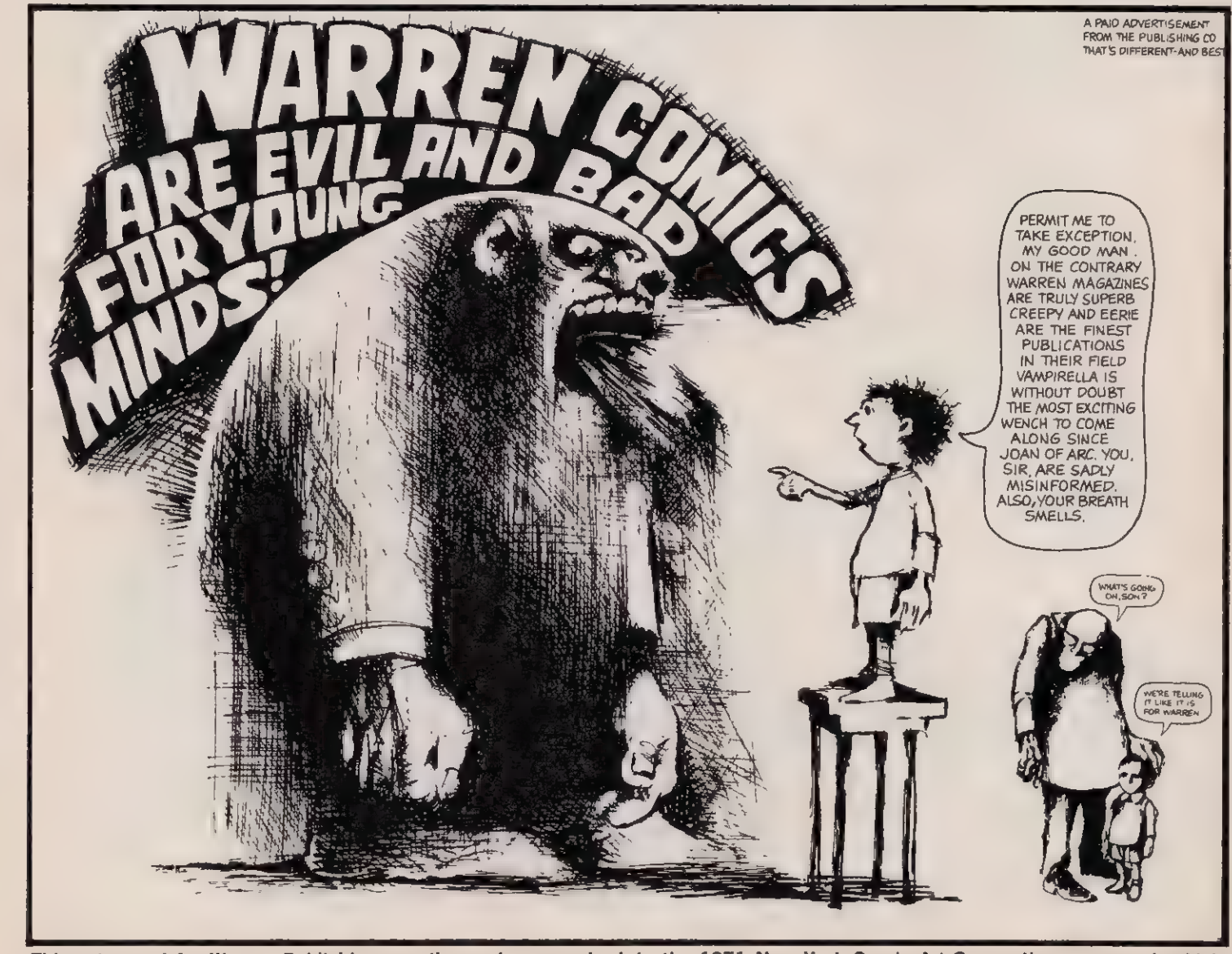
Warren Award winners and their proxies from left are Mark Hanerfeld who accepted for Frazetta; T. Casey Brennan; Nick Cuti accepting for Wood; Billy Graham accepting for VAMPIRELLA artist Gonzalez; and Best All Around Writer Archie Goodwin. At podium is publisher James Warren, who received an award from the Convention.

"What can you say about a 35-year old industry that's sick and maybe dying?" asked CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA publisher James Warren during his keynote address at the 1971 Comic Art Convention, paraphrasing the first line of the popular novel "Love Story."

He described the comics industry as one made up of six separate and distinct groups. "The first group is made up of the creative people—the editors, writers, artists, letterers, production men and colorers. These are the people most popular with fans. The people whose autographs we all want."

The creative people "speak to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery and fantasy surrounding our lives. They are among the most

(Cont. Next Page)



This cartoon ad for Warren Publishing was the center spread ad in the 1971 New York Comic Art Convention program booklet.

1971 COMICON AWARDS CONTINUED



Taking questions from an audience of 1,000 fans is publisher James Warren. Managing Editor Billy Graham (seated) stares at vast sea of fans. Award trophies obscure Archie Goodwin.



Speaking in Spanish, Billy Graham accepts the Best Art trophy for VAMPIRELLA artist Jose Gonzalez.



His trophy for Best All Around Writer firmly in hand, Archie Goodwin delivers short acceptance speech.



Con Chairman Phil Seuling (right) presented Warren with an award "for bringing vitality and challenge" to comics.



Holding the Ray Bradbury cup for Best Script—"On The Wings of a Bird"—CREEPY #36 is T. C. Brennan.

valuable assets of any publishing company. But, they are at the same time—the most unmanageable bunch of egomaniacs who ever breathed air. They are at war with you, dear reader. You are the peculiar animal—the enemy—that must be assaulted and won."

"The second group is the printing plants and paper mills, the heavy duty guys. The comics publishing industry is one which depends mainly on discretionary spending for its livelihood. We are in the throes of a very bad recession now . . . a natural consequence of our economic system, which in spite of all its weak points, still works best for the overwhelming majority of our population. Two major comics producing plants have gone out of business in the last five years. You read about Lockheed and Rolls Royce but you don't

read about the printing plants. Printers will freeze up and will not commit income, labor, materials or capital investment during such a climate. And if they don't, publishers face rising costs when they do decide to publish. And, if the costs are high enough, the publisher simply abandons the new project, or the new magazine."

The third group is made up of the magazine distributors and newsstand operators. Warren described the fourth group as "the readers and the fans."

Warren described the fifth segment as "the general public, the critics, the comics code, the authority people. You can't judge a book by its cover and some people can't even judge one by its contents."

The sixth and last group making up the comics industry is the publisher. "It's a wonderful job for people who have never had a nervous breakdown but always wanted one," said Warren.

"The economics of narrow profit margins and staggering costs have forced publishers to wonder about their survival. The decline of comics was signalled by TV and sealed by the supermarket and the shopping center and the gradual disappearance of the candystore, drugstore and newsstand."

In closing, Warren tried answering the question he had paraphrased about a 35-year old industry "that is sick and maybe dying."

"When a few 1,000 fans show up every year at a Comics Convention, it's a good sign the patient may recover and live another 35 years. And guys like old Dr. Warren, tired and weary and racked with pain, will be encouraged by this and work even harder to make that patient strong again."

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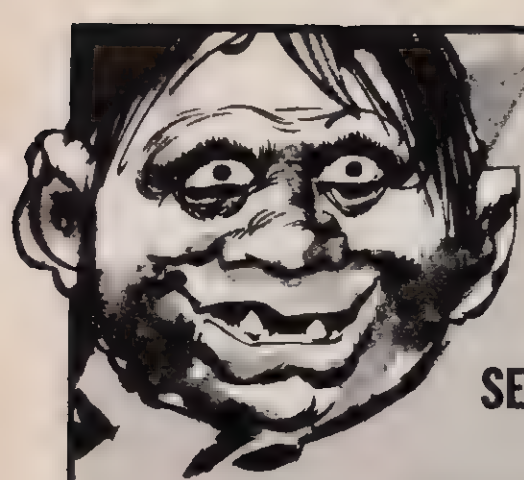
A question and answer session followed the keynote and among other questions, Warren was asked about his comment at last year's convention that "as of January 1, all our magazines are going mail order, subscription only." Warren answered, "The world is in flames. We're having recession. Violence runs rampant. The nation's split down the middle and you ask me a thing like that. What happened is sort of an open secret now . . . My cop-out was that I didn't say which year."

Next, Warren was asked why black and white comics were not under the authority of the comics code? "Censorship," said Warren, "is at best a terrible thing, particularly when people in charge of the comics creation know what they are doing."

After the question and answer session, Warren was presented an award by ComiCon Chairman Phil Seuling "for bringing challenge, vitality and new concepts to the publishing of comic art."

END

In presenting the award for Best All Around Writer to VAMPIRELLA author Archie Goodwin, James Warren said, "Anyone who has read our magazines for the past eight years knows who Archie Goodwin is. He's quite a talent! What a talent! He's got everything! He can write. He can draw. He can edit. He's beautiful. He's intelligent and he's lucky as hell to have me publish his stuff." Goodwin, then asked to stand, received thunderous applause from fans.



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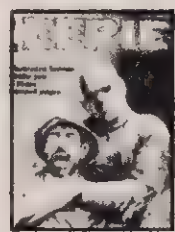
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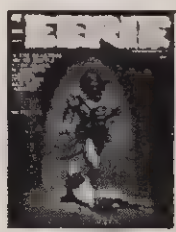
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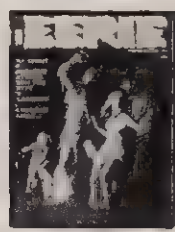
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1972 YEARBOOK



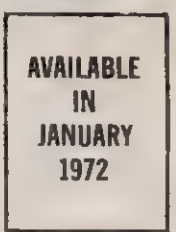
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VAMPIR'S FEARY TALES

PROFILE: BILL DuBAY



Artist and writer Bill DuBay, whose script "Metifa" appears in VAMPIR'S Feary Tales on the inside front cover of this issue, wrote a biography for us, which appears below.

Bill DuBay isn't your usual brand of housewife! Besides his daily chores of washing, cleaning and cooking, he occasionally finds time for two of his favorite hobbies—girl-watching and drawing comics. Carol DuBay, Bill's wife, approves of the latter and beats him profusely about the head and shoulders when he does the former.

When asked about his occupation, Bill states, "I wanted to be something that no other man on earth could claim—so I became a housewife! Of course, before I could do this, I had to find a wife who was willing to wear the pants in the family and work. I married a women's libber!"

Reassured that it was his occupation as an artist/writer for the comics we were asking about, and not his role as a housewife, Bill replied, "Heck, I was destined for a comics job from birth. You've heard of being born with a silver spoon in your mouth? No such luck for me . . . I was born with a comic book in one hand and a number two brush in the other."

Bill was born, and for the first eighteen years of his life, raised in the tough Mission district of San Francisco. His first comics job was cut short by Bill's uncle Sam who requested he come work for him for a few years. Unable to decline, Bill soon found himself the editor of a weekly Army newspaper, "The Fort Bragg Paraglide."

After the Army, Bill began work with Warren Publishing. Since then, Bill's scripting and artwork has appeared in such magazines as "The National Lampoon," The Aardvark Press and "The Aquarian Times." Besides his present work for Creepy, Eerie and VAMPIRELLA (his last full-length story was "The Frog Prince" from VAMPIRELLA #13—ed.) he also produces a daily comic strip entitled "Dube's World."

He is a firm believer in the potential of comics and recently finished a series of nine articles for "The Aquarian Times" on art as an educational medium.

RETURN TO NOWHERE

By Richard Lysaght/Benton Harbor, Michigan

In a gloomy and forgotten cemetery, a newly buried figure struggled to free himself. "My God!" the figure whispered, unbelieving. "I'm moving! My arms are responding. I've done what no man has ever done before me! I've cheated death! My will has triumphed over matter itself. I must escape this grave. I must. These rotted boards above me should prove no obstacle." Feverishly, he tore at the wormy splinters surrounding him. Dirt inched its way through the cracks. Suddenly, the coffin collapsed and he was covered with dirt. He clawed with animalistic fury in a frenzy to free himself. As each hand-held clutch of dirt was shoved aside, freedom neared ever closer. "I must get free! I can't be stopped, not when I'm so close. But . . . wait! I hear something . . . The wind! I can hear the wind! I have to keep digging! Have to break free!" He struggled with close to superhuman strength. "I can

feel it. My hand has broken through to the surface. I've almost made it!" he shouted, dirt falling on his face. A soft rain fell upon his weary limbs and washed away the dirt from his fingers. "It's been so long since I've felt the rain," he said, tears welling in his eyes. Then he realized it was not the rain. He looked at his rotting flesh and cringed. The bones of his arms were showing through the tissue. "No!" he screamed. My mind is still alive but it's trapped within a decaying shell of my former self! How long can I stay like this? This is a blasphemy of life. My soul has survived but my body belongs with the dead. I must let my soul be free!" As the rain beat harder on the cemetery earth, he felt his will slowly sapped. His mind seemed to be floating. His limbs relaxed and he collapsed. His body lay just above the grave and the rain washed the dirt from it in a pounding, rhythmic motion.

END

REVENGE

By Kenneth Leggett Jr./Commerce, Oklahoma

Somewhere in England, a broken man stands at the foot of his wife's grave. He bends close to the ground and whispers to the unhearing dead. "I shall find the one responsible, my darling. I shall find him and revenge you, my wife."

Walking to the cemetery gate, he looks at the last few dying rays of the sun.

It is later that night and that same man, Paul Gilroy, is at home. A scream rends the night air. At that same instant, halfway across town, a man wandering lonely streets is suddenly attacked by a raging blood beast.

The next day, the townspeople set out in search of the beast. They made camp in the woods and spoke of the "Loup Garou" or werewolf legend. As they spoke, a monstrous figure neared their campsite. One of the farmers took steady unerring aim and fired at the beast figure. It fell and the campers ran to it. As the bullet took its effect and death neared for the werewolf creature, the beast underwent a metamorphosis. Paul Gilroy lay before them in the throes of death. He murmured, "Please tell my wife she is avenged. In killing me, you have killed the one responsible for her death. Her death is avenged."

END

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Pen and ink sketch of VAMPI is by reader Tom Vaughn of Kansas. Good, isn't it?



T. O. Mears of Marlboro, Mass. asks if we approve of his version of VAMPI.

DEMON'S CURSE

By Paul E. King Jr./Brookfield, Illinois

He forced the window open as quietly as he could and crawled inside. As he flicked on his flashlight, he stood revealed as Norman Powers, a man capable of great strength and overwhelming cruelty. He walked to the huge, ghastly painting of a guillotined Marie Antoinette. Sliding the portrait to the side, he saw the wall safe and began working at it. Finally, the last tumbler fell into place and the small safe door swung open. Suddenly, the lights shot on and the owner of the house, an old man called Brandorm stood before Powers. A portion of his silvery hair blowing in the night air, Brandorm opened his aged and cracking lips. "Take the money if you must but leave at once!" Brandorm shouted. "If you value your life, depart!" The dragon-shaped head of his cane shook as he stood there shouting.

"Is this some kind of a joke, old man?" blurted Norman.

Pleading, Brandorm said, "No. Please. You don't understand. The forces in this house can destroy you!"

"Listen well, old man. I want your money." He held the knife at Brandorm's neck.

"Don't kill me. Please! Have mercy. I must not bleed again. The curse of Karmari, the blood demon, is upon me! Many years ago, I was also a prowler. I dared to invade this house, not knowing it was his horrid domain. In vengeance, he appointed me keeper of the house until his return. My blood is cursed!" the old man said, shaking.

Blood trickled down Brandorm's jacket and poured onto the carpet as Norman slashed at him. Appalled, Norman stepped back, murmuring, "The old man must be a bleeder. If the police find me, I'll get the chair for sure!" Norman tried the front door but it refused to

budge. Brandorm lay before him, a quivering hulk. Norman shoved at the windows but they also were locked shut. In horror, he grabbed a chair and threw it at the bay window. The chair flew back against a wall, repelled. He ran up a high roll of stairs as rats scurried across his path. Suddenly, he recoiled in shock and fell to the floor, gasping for breath.

"Tremble, mortal!" a shadowy figure exclaimed. "Few people have ever seen me and those few who have have suffered 1,000 deaths. Karmari has returned! The gruesome apparition stooped over Norman and picked him up. He held Norman's body over a balcony. Half-crazed with terror, Norman looked down at the living room where he had left Brandorm. It was flooded with blood. Karmari had cursed Brandorm's blood and it flooded the house.

"Death awaits any who dare trespass upon my kingdom!" Karmari said as he threw Norman's body down the flight of stairs.

END

FINAL LOG

By Robb Wilson/Grand Ledge, Michigan

I sit here by the broken remains of my spacecraft, looking out and beyond the rolling hills, the scattered shrubs and trees, waiting for the enemy. I have only been here a few days and yet I have already met some of them. Dozens of their mangled corpses are littered about my craft. I do not know how many more of them there are. They are ungodly creatures and look as if they come from an age long past on Earth. I killed many of them with my laser arc gun and with a sword I fashioned from the gun. Engine power is low now. There is not enough to take me off the ground. Sitting here, I do not know who is really responsible—the builders of the craft, the leaders who sent me here, or myself for not being more aware of what might happen. It is trivial to think upon that now. When those first few hairy beasts attacked, I fought back with an animal ferocity. Blood spattered my uniform as I swatted them off, shearing limbs clean with my sword. They had no more regard for themselves or their own people than my own people who have not yet sent a rescue ship for me. One of them bit me

before I was able to kill him. After they were dead, I waited awake, the pain throbbing in my leg. I knew I had to bandage the wound for I would otherwise bleed to death. The sight of my rotting leg sickened me. I did as best I could to stay alive. More of the enemy would come. After blacking out for a short time, I awoke and checked the tourniquet. Only a little blood oozed from my leg. I reached for my crutch and pushed myself to a standing position. All thought suddenly left my mind as I heard deep shouts and howls. The beasts were re-grouping for another attack. There were more of them this time. I saw them emerge, not over one foothill but many. There must have been at least three tribes. I'm sure they thought they were dealing with some sort of super being and that many of them were needed to bring me down. I had been successful with the first few dozen. Now without the ability of one leg, I stood and watched as they neared my craft. I close this final log with the hope that I can take as many of these hideous creatures into the darkness with me as possible.

END



Monstrous hands loom in foreground as village girl gathers her skirt in preparation for flight from shadowy figure in rear. Drawing was done by VAMPIRELLA reader Andres Bakells.

Vampi says

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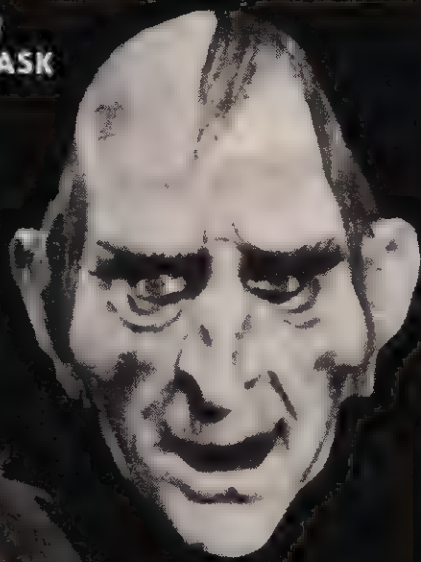
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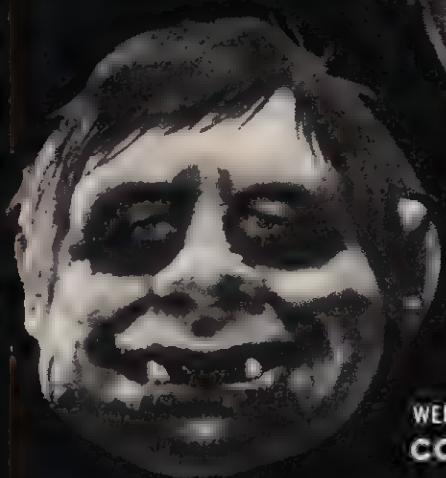
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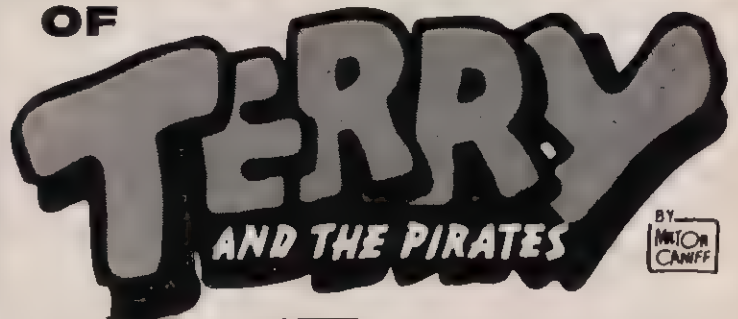


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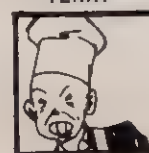
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FROM THE WITCHES'
CAULDRON FLAVORED
WITH A
CONTEMPORARY
THEME...



**WELCOME
TO THE
WITCHES'
COVEN**



LATER THAT EVENING...



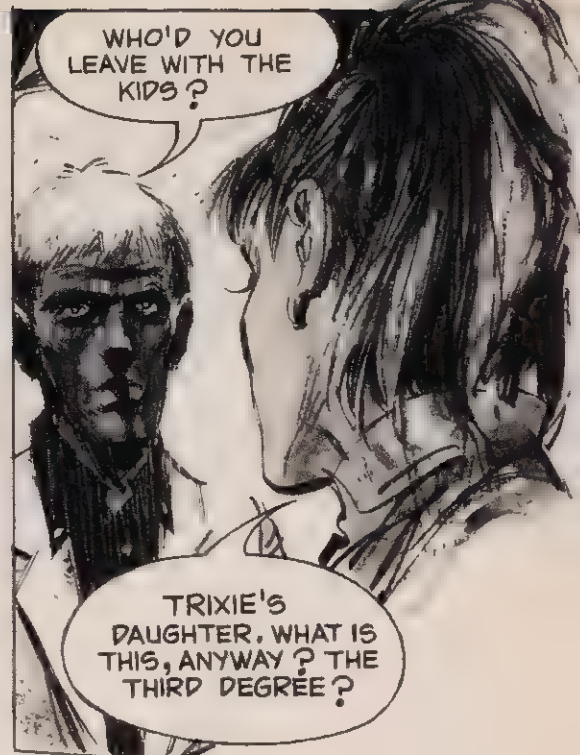
HI, HONEY.
WHAT'S FOR
SUPPER?

STEW.
IT'LL BE A
LITTLE
LATE.



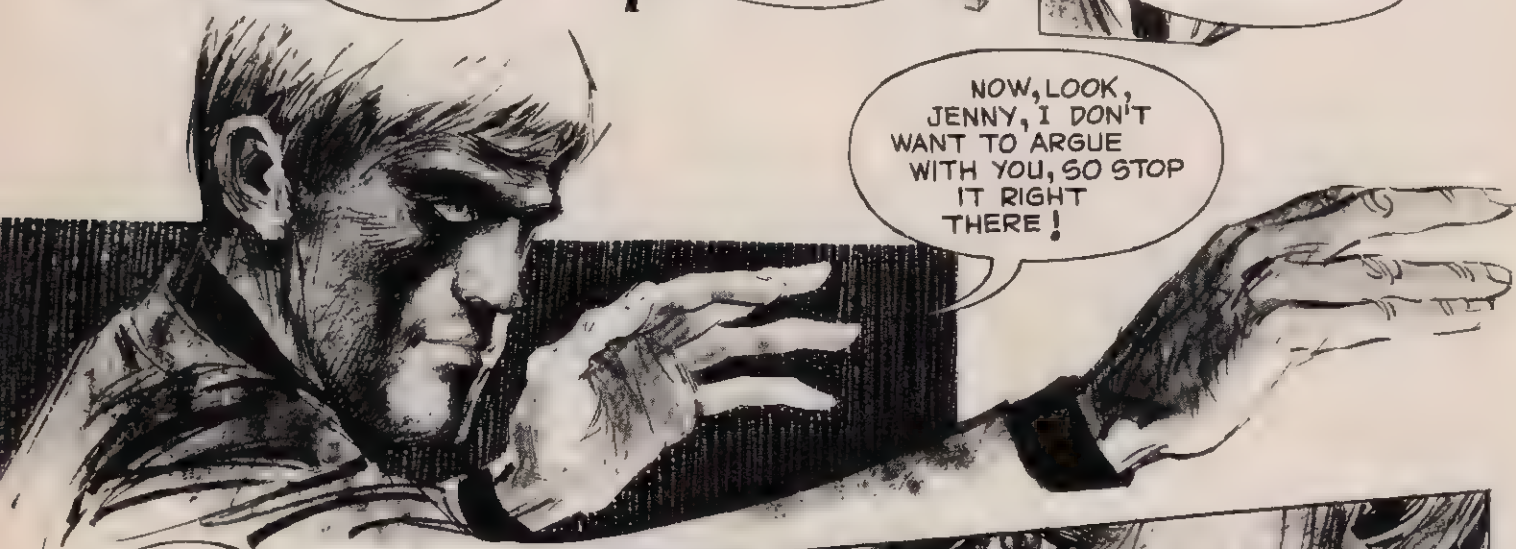
HEY, THIS PLACE
IS IN THE SAME MESS
IT WAS THIS
MORNING. HOW COME?

I HAD TO
GO OUT FOR A
WHILE THIS
AFTERNOON.



WHO'D YOU
LEAVE WITH THE
KIDS?

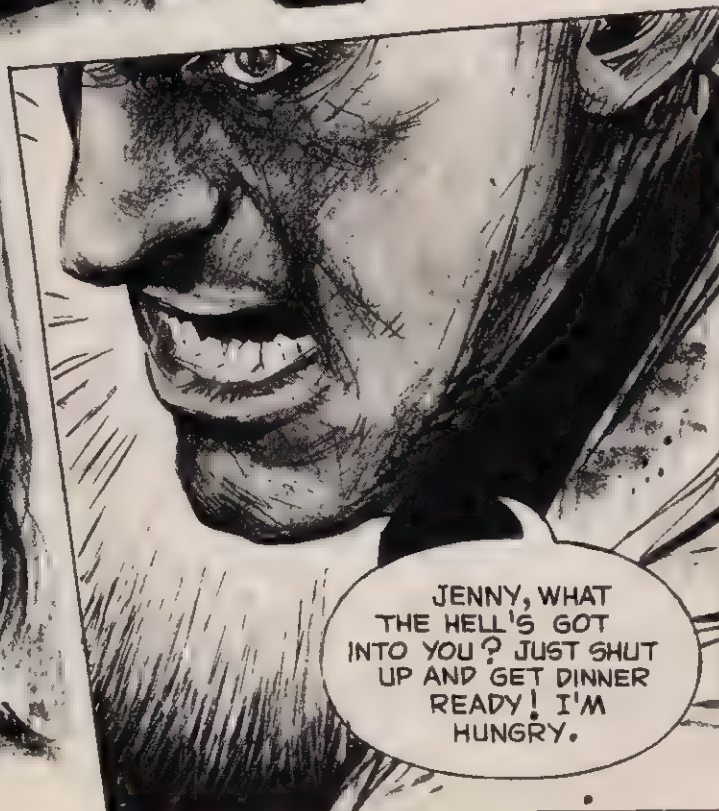
TRIXIE'S
DAUGHTER. WHAT IS
THIS, ANYWAY? THE
THIRD DEGREE?



NOW, LOOK,
JENNY, I DON'T
WANT TO ARGUE
WITH YOU, SO STOP
IT RIGHT
THERE!



NO, I
WON'T STOP
IT RIGHT
THERE. I'M
TIRED OF
STOPPING
IT RIGHT
THERE!



JENNY, WHAT
THE HELL'S GOT
INTO YOU? JUST SHUT
UP AND GET DINNER
READY! I'M
HUNGRY.

YOU THINK I'M YOUR
PERSONAL SLAVE! THE LORD
AND MASTER, BRAD SHAW,
COMES TRUDGING HOME AND
DEMANDS HIS DUE!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! DO
YOU THINK I LIKE WORKING
IN THAT SWEAT SHOP FROM
SEVEN TILL FIVE EVERYDAY?
GO IN WHEN THE SUN IS
COMING UP AND WALK
OUT AS IT'S GOING
DOWN?

SURE, AND YOU THINK IT'S
DIFFERENT AROUND HERE
WITH THREE KIDS YELLING AND
SCREAMING, "MOMMY, MOMMY!"
ALL DAY LONG! YOU
THINK IT'S EASY?

JUST WHO
DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE, BRAD?
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE
RIGHT!

WELL, I DON'T
GO WANDERING
OFF DURING THE
DAY. **YOU
BETTER NOT
TRY THAT
STUNT
TOMORROW!**
I INVITED MY
SECTION STEWARD,
RODNEY
CAVENDISH, FOR
DINNER!

WHO'S RIGHT?

JOAN AND WENDY.
I'M NOTHING MORE THAN
AN OBJECT TO YOU!
SOMEONE TO KISS ON THE
CHEEK, COOK MEALS, CALL
FOR IN THE NIGHT AND
LOOK AFTER THE KIDS!

NOW WHAT
PUT YOU ON YOUR
HIGH HORSE?

NEVER MIND!
I'M GETTING OUT
OF HERE.

FEELING FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED, JENNY TURNS TO THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND...

JENNY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I NEED A PLACE TO STAY FOR AWHILE, JOAN. I WALKED OUT ON BRAD.

GOOD FOR YOU. HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION ABOUT THE GROUP?

I'M GOING TO JOIN.

ONCE THEY ADMIT YOU, JENNY, THERE'S NO BACKING OUT. THE MOVEMENT CANNOT AFFORD TRAITORS TO THE CAUSE.

THE RITUAL I SAW THIS AFTERNOON... YOU SAID IT WAS A WARM-UP FOR THE GOAL WHICH THE GROUP INTENDS TO SEE RESOLVED TOMORROW NIGHT.

YOU WILL LEARN THAT AFTER THEY INDUCT YOU, DEAR. AFTER THE CEREMONY OF ACCEPTANCE, YOU WILL BE ANOTHER PRIESTESS TO THE DOWNFALL OF MALE DOMINATION!!!!

GO HOME TONIGHT, JENNY! WE DON'T WANT YOUR HUSBAND TO SUSPECT. TOMORROW AFTERNOON I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE HIGH PRIESTESS.

THE NEXT DAY JENNY
ACCOMPANIES JOAN TO A
STRANGE, EXOTIC RITUAL...

DIANA, HEAR OUR
INCANTATIONS FROM ON
HIGH, THE PLACE OF YOUR BIRTH,
MOUNT CYNTHUS. HEAR US,
O' DAUGHTER OF JUPITER AND
LATONA! WE MAKE READY FOR
YOUR COMING, O' TWIN SISTER
OF APOLLO. TONIGHT WE SHALL
MAKE THE FINAL SACRIFICE AND
BRING YOU BEFORE US! WE
WILL FOLLOW YOU TO VICTORY
O' GODDESS OF HUNTING
AND CHASTITY!

WE NEED A MALE
PRESENT AT THE FINAL
RITES. YOU MENTIONED
THAT YOUR HUSBAND
IS EXPECTING AN
OUT-OF-TOWN
GUEST TONIGHT.

DO THEY REALLY
BELIEVE THEY CAN CALL
FORTH THE SPIRIT OF
SOME MYTHOLOGICAL
GODDESS?

HOW CAN I
DO THAT?

DO NOT SCOFF,
JENNY. THE HIGH
PRIESTESS HAS POWER.
THE GREAT GODDESS DIANA
WILL LEAD US TO VICTORY...
AND IN ORDER TO **SHARE**
IN THAT GLORY YOU MUST
PROVE YOUR LOYALTY.

YES, RODNEY
CAVENDISH.

NO ONE WOULD
MISS HIM IF HE WERE
A FEW HOURS LATE
RETURNING FROM
YOUR PLACE, WOULD
THEY?

YOU ARE A
PART OF OUR CAUSE
NOW, JENNY, AND THIS
IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR
SUCCESS.

ARE YOU
SUGGESTING...

THAT EVENING, BRAD ENTERTAINS
HIS GUEST WHILE HIS WIFE HAS
SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED...

I JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND, JENNY.
ROD.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

AHHHH, THIS WOMAN'S
LIB MOVEMENT HAS PUT
A LOT OF FOOLISH NOTIONS
IN HER HEAD. YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN THE WAY SHE
ACTED LAST NIGHT.

WELL, BRAD, THEY
HAVE SOME VALID
ARGUMENTS. SOMETIMES.
I THINK WE HAVE ONLY
OURSELVES TO BLAME.
BUT, TO BE HONEST, I
FORESEE A GREATER
LOSS TO THEM
THAN TO US!

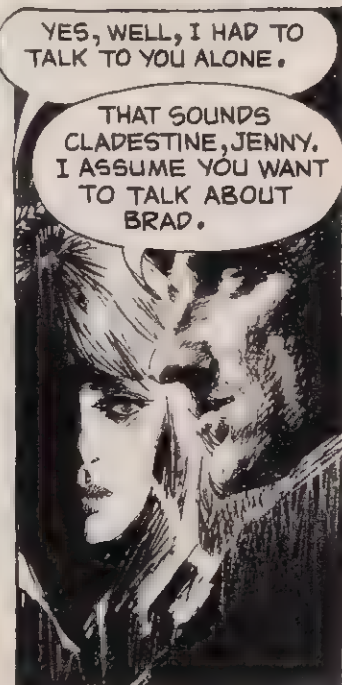
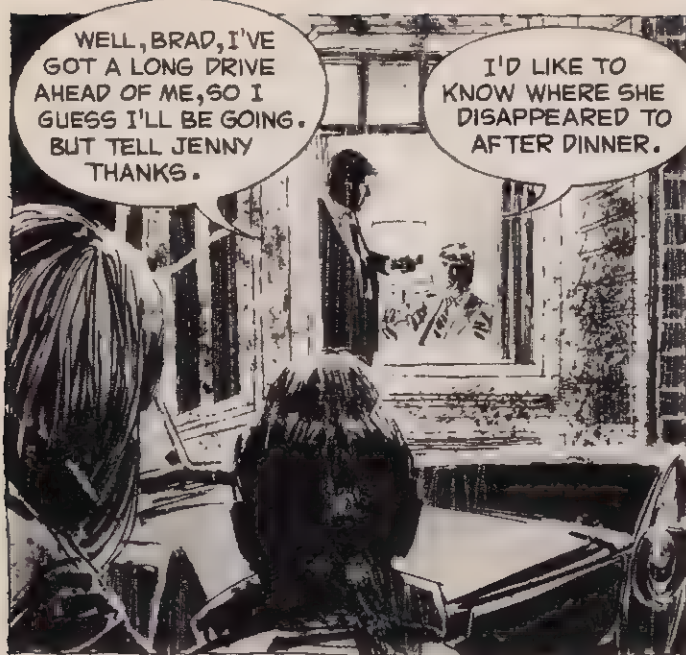
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

OH, THEY'LL GET
THE THINGS THEY
DEMAND... BUT,
UNFORTUNATELY, SOMETHING
ALONG THE WAY WILL
BE LOST.

WHAT'S
THAT?

FEMININITY...
THE ART OF BEING A
WOMAN. BUT UNLESS
YOU'VE KNOWN A WOMAN
WHO REALLY IS A WOMAN
YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

FEMINITY IS AN
ART, BRAD. A DEEP,
POWERFUL ART. IT SHOULD
NOT... IT CANNOT BE
LOST IF WE WISH TO
CONTINUE.



FLICKERING SHADOWS MYSTERIOUSLY
VEIL THE DARKENED HALLS OF
SACRIFICE.

WE HAVE
OBTAINED THE
SACRIFICIAL MAN,
O' HIGH
PRIESTESS.

PLACE
HIM ON THE
ALTAR TO
PRINCESS
DIANA!

JOAN! WAIT A
MINUTE! I THOUGHT
THAT YOU SAID
YOU ONLY INTENDED
TO HAVE HIM HERE
AS A WITNESS!

WE NEED HIM FOR MUCH MORE
THAN THAT, JENNY. HE IS AN
ESSENTIAL PART OF THE
CEREMONY!

YOU USED
ME, JOAN!



YOU MUST REALIZE
JENNY, THAT WE ALL DO
OUR PART FOR THE
CAUSE! THE CAUSE
NEEDED YOU! THE
CAUSE AND **YOU**
ARE **ONE**!

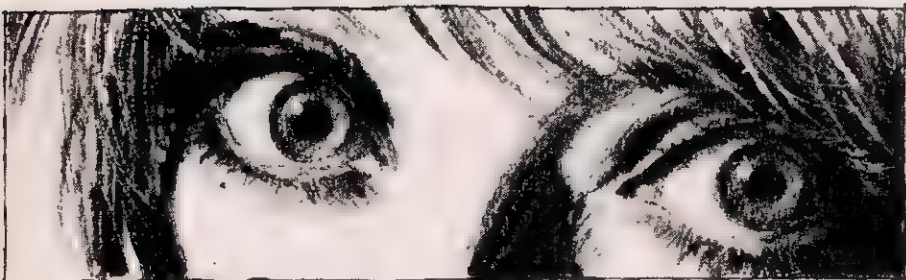


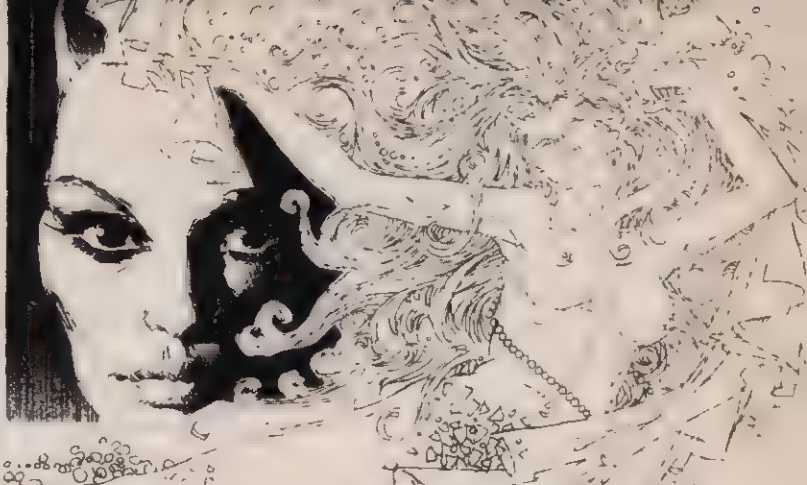
NO!
YOU'RE **WRONG**,
JOAN! THIS ISN'T **MY**
CAUSE! THIS ISN'T **MY**
WAY OUT OF THAT HUM-
DRUM EXISTENCE!
YOU'RE NO MORE MY
MASTERS THAN
BRAD IS!



DON'T YOU
REALIZE THAT YOU'RE
BECOMING **SLAVES**
TO THE VERY
FREEDOM YOU
DESIRED? YOU CAN'T
KILL ROD?!

SHUSH!! IN
THE NAME OF THE
CAUSE, WE STRIKE AT
THE PULSE OF MAN,
AND RELEASE YOU
TO US, O'DIANA!





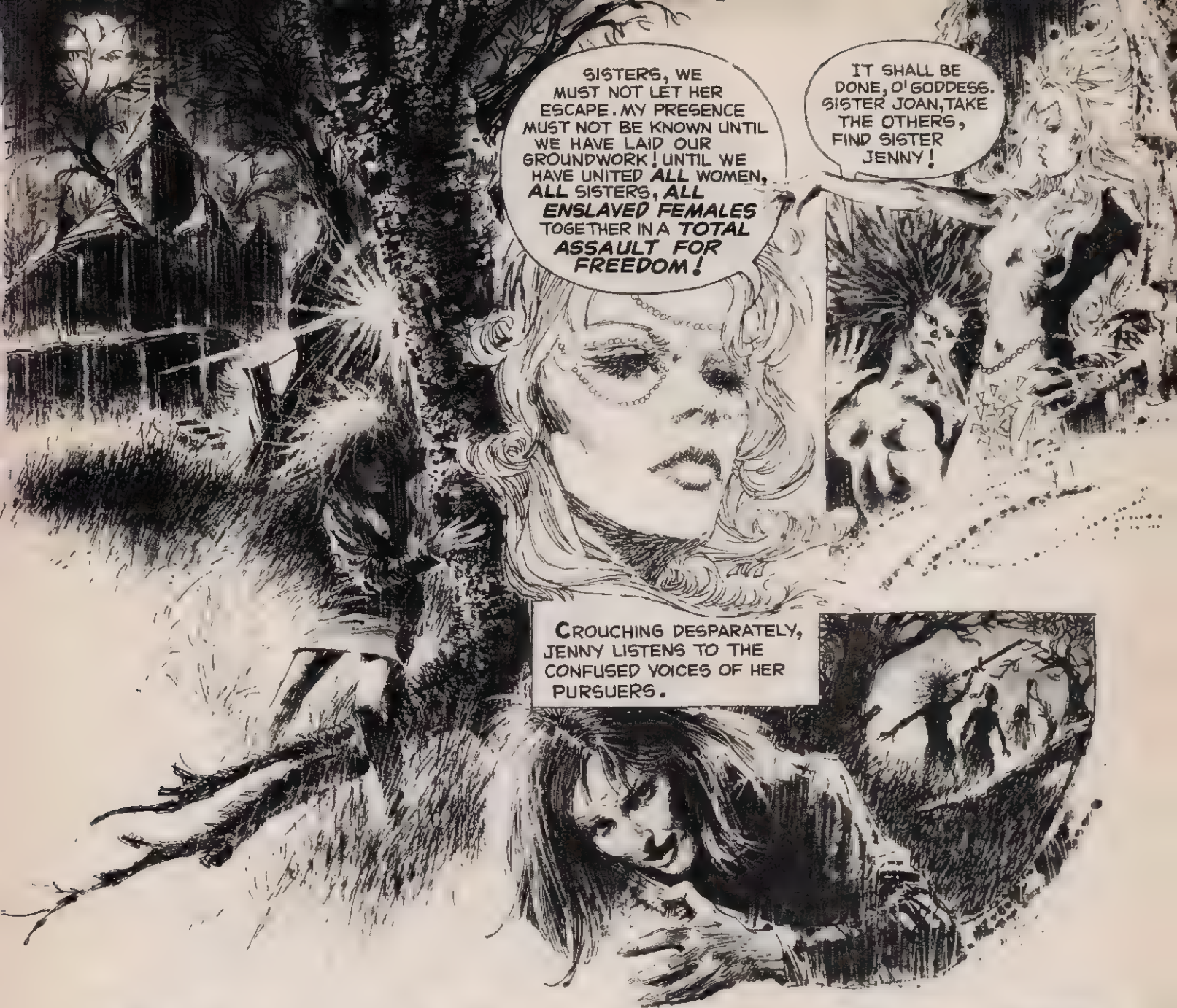
THE HARSH
INCATATIONS,
RACING THROUGH
SPACE AND TIME
SUMMON THE
COMMANDING
FORM OF DIANA.

I AM HERE,
SISTERS! FROM THE
WINDSWEPT MOUNTAINS
OF CYNTHUS I HAVE HEARD
YOUR PLEAS! I HAVE
COME TO COMMAND
YOUR LIBERATION!



NO!
YOU
WON'T!





SISTERS, WE
MUST NOT LET HER
ESCAPE. MY PRESENCE
MUST NOT BE KNOWN UNTIL
WE HAVE LAID OUR
GROUNDWORK! UNTIL WE
HAVE UNITED **ALL WOMEN,**
ALL SISTERS, ALL
ENSLAVED FEMALES
TOGETHER IN A **TOTAL**
ASSAULT FOR
FREEDOM!

IT SHALL BE
DONE, O' GODDESS.
SISTER JOAN, TAKE
THE OTHERS,
FIND SISTER
JENNY!

CROUCHING DESPERATELY,
JENNY LISTENS TO THE
CONFUSED VOICES OF HER
PURSUERS.



SHE COULDN'T HAVE
GOTTEN FAR. SHE CAME IN
MY CAR. WE'LL SEARCH
THE GROUNDS FOR
HER!



JENNY'S IDEALISM IS
NO MATCH FOR DIANA'S
TIMELESS POWER...



THERE IS NO
ROOM FOR WEAKNESS
HERE. SHE IS THE FIRST
BARRIER TO BE DESTROYED.
RETURN TO THE ALTAR NOW
AND WE SHALL BEGIN
PLANNING. YOU SHALL
BE MY ELITE!



I WAS MEANT
TO RULE! MY DESTINY
HAS NOW BEEN FULFILLED!
I HAVE MY OWN FLOCK
TO LEAD TO VICTORY
AND THEY SHALL
SERVE ME WELL!



JENNY
CERTAINLY IS
LIBERATED NOW.
SHE'S LEARNED THAT
A WOMAN'S PLACE
IS BY THE FIRE...IN
THE KITCHEN,
THAT IS!

SPEAKING OF FIRE,
DON'T GET SCORCHED
BY MISSING MY NEXT
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THE
END

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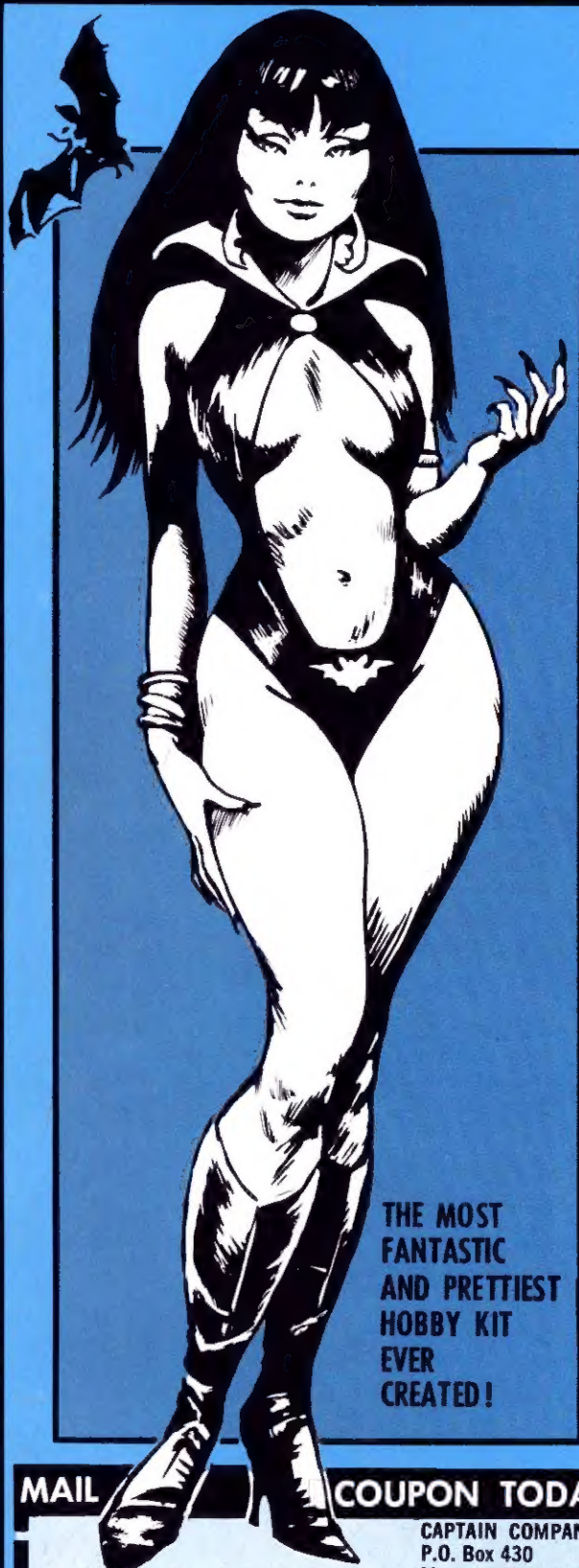
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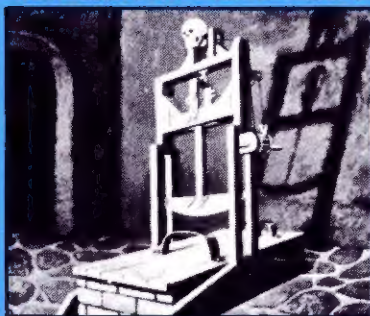
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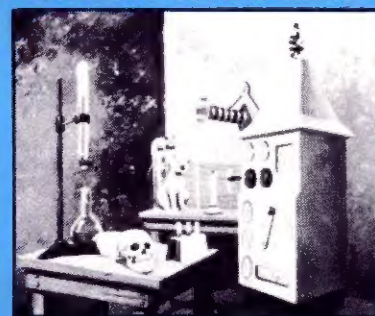
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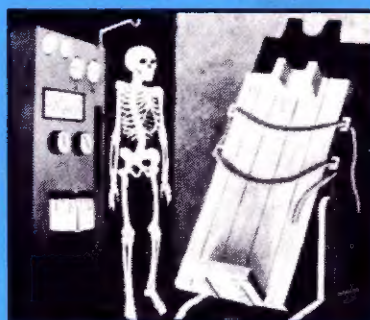
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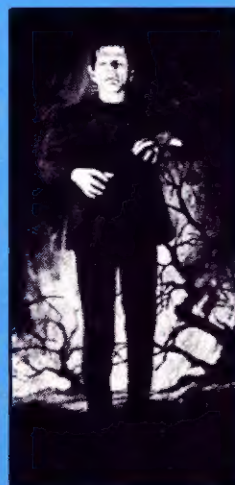
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THE VICTIM



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